PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

MAY 6 1937

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIII. No. 322 (New Series) SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 661
BUDGET CHAOS 664
THE WAR FOR RAW MATERIALS IN SPAIN. By Frank C. Hanighen 665
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 667
POLAND AND THE COLONELS 668
THIS ENGLAND 669
ON BEING TAXED. By Y. Y. 670
OUR CIVIL LIBERTIES 671
LINES LOOKING WEST. By George Barker . . 671
CORRESPONDENCE 672
From Eric B. Smith; John Strachey; J. Allen Skinner; Leslie A. E. Parker; Hugh Ross Williamson; Theodor Kilan; T. G. Talbot; Margaret Upcott; W. L. S.; Jomo Kenyatta; Bernard Adler; G. E. M. de Ste. Croix; B. Aikin-Sneath.
THE ETERNAL FISHMONGER. By Geoffrey Parsons . 675
COVENT GARDEN. By W. J. Turner . . Page 675
PLAYS AND PICTURES 676
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 678
REVIEWS:
Royalty and Loyalty. By E. M. Forster . . 680
"Where Grateful Science . . ." By Cyril Connolly 680
New Novels. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . 684
The Roadbuilder. By Robert Byron . . . 686
Cassandra. By Raymond Mortimer . . . 688
It Don't Pay. By James Curtis 688
Capital 690
SHORTER NOTICES 690
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 692
CROSSWORD 695
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Dives . . . 696

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BUDGET excitement overshadowed Tuesday's resumed debate on British policy towards the rebel blockade of Bilbao. But though unfortunately timed from the point of view of publicity, the Opposition's attack was by no means ineffective. There was a notable change in the tone of the Government spokesmen. Mr. Baldwin's original remarks were in the nature of a threat to British skippers who wished to enter Bilbao; the threat has been reduced to an ineffective warning. Sir Samuel Hoare, who had previously admitted that no orders had been given to convoy British merchant vessels on the high seas *en route* for Spanish ports, now confirmed the Foreign Secretary's assurance that British shipping would be protected from attack up to the limit of Spanish territorial waters. If words mean anything, this implies that on the high seas escort will be provided on demand even for those ships whose captains, disregarding official warnings of mine dangers, decide to risk making the port of Bilbao. And British shipping is prepared to take the risk. The ease with which the *Seven Seas' Spray* and other vessels have entered Bilbao strengthens our belief that General Franco's proclaimed blockade inside territorial waters is largely bluff and that, if shipping is secured from piratical attack on the high seas, dangers in the approaches to Bilbao harbour are not serious. The incident shows once again that where Fascist threats are concerned the British Government is a willing dupe. We are aware that Mr. Baldwin's desire to avoid the loss of British life is wholly sincere; what we object to is that he permits it to be used as an excuse for complacency with aggression on occasions in which the danger is unreal.

The Defensive in Spain

There is a lull in the land fighting in Spain. Desultory shelling of Madrid continues, but the only decisive military operation has been a successful Government push in the deep, but narrow, salient held by the rebels southward of Saragossa, with its apex at Teruel. The main Teruel-Saragossa road seems to have been cut, after severe fighting, and Teruel is apparently isolated. Its capture would have the effect of easing considerably the Government's line of communications between Madrid and Barcelona. On the Cordova front the Government advance is temporarily at a standstill. Equally, on the rebel side the offensive against Bilbao is still held up by the Basques' entrenched positions south and east of Durango. Neither side commands the overwhelming weight of artillery essential if a defensive backed by a modicum of well-placed machine guns is to be broken down. In the absence of prolonged preparation by heavy artillery any large-scale attack merely results in a massacre of the attacking troops. In this military *entr'acte* the Non-Intervention Committee's control scheme has come formally (we cannot yet

say how effectively) into force. At the same time General Franco has announced the " unification " of all the insurgent groups under his command. This is understood to mean a victory for the Phalangists (Spanish Nazis) over their rivals, and its first fruits have been an incipient revolt of the Carlists and Monarchist Requetes.

G. L. and Hitler

What Mr. Lansbury said to Hitler and what Hitler said to Mr. Lansbury is not in itself very important. No head of a great State would care to incur the odium of being anything but courteous to so universally popular a figure as Mr. Lansbury, or of refusing to attend some kind of hypothetical economic conference in the future. Hitler, like the President of the United States and the Belgian Premier, naturally replied that he would welcome a conference of appeasement and co-operation. Nor does this reassuring statement involve any substantial modification of his past declarations. It is true that he has more than once pronounced general anathemas on international conferences and that he recently refused to take part in a conference on raw materials. But Mr. Lansbury seems not to have asked him whether he has modified his reluctance to sit at a round table with a representative of the U.S.S.R. In the course of their amicable conversation this surely very fundamental point appears not to have been mentioned. The immediate effect of the conversation seems to have been to give Hitler some favourable publicity. The important question remains whether Mr. Lansbury's visit, which was facilitated by the British Foreign Office, is even remotely the prelude to any kind of international action.

What Kind of Conference and When?

The British Government, which realises that at some point or other there must either be war or economic readjustment, probably regards Mr. Lansbury's intervention as silly but, on the whole, harmless. After the fiasco of 1931 no Government is likely to run the risk of an economic conference except on the basis of the most full and careful preparation. Unless essential points about raw materials, colonies and armaments had been agreed upon beforehand a general conference would only lead to further disillusion and ill-feeling. At present there is no proof that any country, except perhaps the U.S.A., is prepared to make any substantial offer. There are only vague signs of a greater readiness to begin to consider offers in the indefinite future. The National Government will do nothing even towards a trade agreement with the United States before the Empire Conference that follows the Coronation, and if anything is to result from Mr. Van Zeeland's inquiries into the possibilities of freer trade we shall not know what it is for some months to come. Nor is there the least likelihood of the National Government's wishing to confer on fundamental issues until its rearmament programme is more fully advanced. When the keels of new battleships are well and truly laid and England is by way of having the most up-to-date, as well as the biggest, navy, the Government may be not averse to discussing armament limitation. That Mr. Lansbury was encouraged rather than discouraged to visit Hitler suggests a willingness on the part of the powers that be to prepare people's minds for a future conference. It does not mean that there will be a conference within the next twelve months.

The U.S.A. Counts and Waits

While Mr. Chamberlain was presenting the British Budget, President Roosevelt was revising that of the United States. The American deficit during the coming year looks like being a good deal larger than was expected when the original figures were compiled in January. This falling-short is chiefly due to a deficiency in the prospective yield of income tax, which will take time before it responds to the boom conditions now prevailing in many sections of the American economy. Mr. Roosevelt is still talking about balancing his Budget next year, partly by keeping expenditure drastically under control, but also by crediting to the Treasury funds returning into the coffers of such emergency bodies as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. This and other agencies set up during the slump are now receiving back vast sums on account of loans made to banks, railways and other borrowers; and if Mr. Roosevelt chooses to treat a part of these repayments as income he can easily give his Budget a flourishing appearance. Meantime, the Supreme Court has before it a matter even more important than the Labour Relations Act; for one of its Circuit Courts has declared the Social Security legislation invalid, and the Supreme Court has now to settle that issue.

The Struggle in Danzig

Happenings in Danzig still deserve to be watched; for, to the chagrin of Hitler's friend Gauleiter Forster, the *Gleichschaltung* of the " Free City " is still incomplete. Germany remains sufficiently anxious to avoid a breach with Warsaw as to observe the letter of the constitution. This means that a two-thirds Nazi vote must be obtained in the *Volkstag*, i.e. 48 votes out of 72. The methods by which the Nazi regime is observing the constitution are, nevertheless, completely unconstitutional. One Catholic deputy, a small farmer, was threatened with expulsion from the local co-operative society, i.e. with economic destruction, but he was offered 10,000 gulden (nearly £400) if he would go Nazi. A Social Democrat was even offered 15,000 gulden to desert, while another Catholic deputy actually received 6,000 gulden down when he succumbed to threats and wiles. These are the gentler methods. The police have also and often arrested people first, and then compelled them to resign their *Volkstag* seats, whereupon Nazis are put in their place. All sorts of indictments have been threatened; one Social Democrat, for instance, was to be tried for conspiring with Poland. On the whole this pressure has hitherto been manfully withstood. It is punishable nowadays to report illegal activities to the High Commissioner. It happens that Polish public opinion has just been aroused against M. Beck's policy in Danzig by a book from the pen of Dr. Henryk Strasburger, Poland's very able representative in the Free City from 1924 to 1932. A little pressure from the West would be timely.

Sugar

There is now a probability of the Sugar Conference reaching an agreement. Export quotas, rationing the free market among the sugar-producing countries, have been suggested by the negotiating committee, and most of the countries have accepted their allotment. Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald, the Chairman of the Conference, has surprised everyone by officiating throughout; it was thought that he would bless the formal opening and leave the subsequent work of presiding to Mr. Ormsby-Gore. A nip of the old conference waters, however, was too much for Mr. MacDonald, and he has stuck to his post, adorning it, as of old, with many happy flowers of rhetoric. It is expected that he will be able to announce an agreement in the course of the next few weeks. We shall examine with interest what safeguards, if any, are in the agreement to prevent the new arrangement working out as merely another way of fleecing the consumer—which means in practice that the importing countries must restrict in some measure their present uneconomic policy of subsidising the internal production of beet sugar.

The Miners' Vote

The miners' ballot shows, as everyone expected it would, a very handsome majority in favour of giving power to call a national strike in support of the full recognition of the M.F.G.B. in the Nottinghamshire coalfield. Every area in the Federation has voted for strike action, if need be—including Nottinghamshire itself. There, indeed, the Spencer Union did its best to persuade its own members to boycott the ballot, in which they were invited to take part equally with the members of the N.M.A. But it seems clear from the figures that many Spencerites voted—and that a good many voted for a strike. Nor is this surprising; for a number of collieries make membership of the Spencer Union compulsory, so that its nominal adherents by no means all agree with it. The voting does not, of course, mean that there must be a strike. It may well be a prelude to a reopening of the negotiations which were broken off when the M.F.G.B. Conference rejected the extraordinary proposed terms of amalgamation with the Spencer Union. The vote, however, does mean that the M.F.G.B. is not likely to withdraw without getting effective recognition of the N.M.A., and ending the victimisation of its members which has been going on in Nottinghamshire for years past.

Strikes and Threats of Strikes

The one-day protest strike on the Clyde in aid of the apprentices was only partial; but a number of factories which remained at work levied themselves in support of the strikers. The Parkhead stoppage is now presumably official; the ballot, which the A.E.U. Executive Council made the condition of its support, resulted in a very large majority in favour of remaining on strike. Meantime, there are unofficial omnibus strikes in several areas in Kent and Essex, and another dispute at the Pressed Steel works in Cowley. More disturbing to the authorities is the breakdown of negotiations between the London Passenger Transport Board and the busmen's section of the Transport Workers' Union; for, unless this trouble can be adjusted, the London bus services may stop just before the Coronation influx begins. In another industry the Postmaster-General has rejected the postal workers' demand for the forty-hour week, going out of his way to repudiate the view that the State should be a better employer than private industry, and very nearly asserting that it should do nothing which the private employer is not prepared to do also. As the *Times* points out, it is significant that, in general, the workers seem keener, in face of the rise in profits, on more leisure than on higher wages. The next big move seems likely to be for the forty-hour week, and for Trade Union recognition when the elementary rights of collective bargaining are still denied.

The Marriage Bill

Mr. A. P. Herbert's Marriage Bill was never a satisfactory compromise, and it has been badly mangled in Committee. If it passes in its present form it will still be impossible to dissolve a marriage because of the incurable drunkenness or permanent imprisonment of one party; it will still be legally impossible—for two people who both want to separate to obtain a divorce. Divorce remains theoretically a punishment inflicted on a guilty party, though everyone knows that it is no punishment to separate after the reality of marriage has gone and nothing but cruelty to force people to remain together against their wills. The absurd rule about collusion remains in the new Bill and is even strengthened. Nevertheless, it is probably better that this Bill should be passed. It introduces a number of very substantial improvements in the present immoral law, and it is probably as good a measure of reform as the Anglican Church—for the Roman Catholics have been on this occasion more reasonable—will permit us to have. Obstruction in the report stage appears to be sufficient to prevent the passage of the Bill unless the Government grants special time. We understand that the Government Whips are confident that facilities will be granted for putting the Bill through.

Suckers and Share-pushers

Mr. Runciman's estimate that £5,000,000 was abstracted last year from the pockets of the unwary by fraudulent vendors of worthless shares should put even the most incorrigible "sucker" on his guard when he is approached by a member of the unscrupulous confraternity of share-pushers. Readers of City notes by our late colleague "Toreador"—whose mantle a distinguished successor, "Dives," has this week assumed—are too worldly wise, we trust, to have fallen victims to this peculiarly odious form of fraud. But victims there are: "Every day a sucker is born," and the manner of his ensnarement differs little. He is circularised first with a so-called "Market Review," issued by a firm unknown to him but with a reassuringly solid title. The "Review" contains recommendations of shares—some good, some indifferent. Next comes a letter, frequently followed up by urgent telegrams, advising purchase of a security which the share-pusher genuinely believes is "good for a rise." The victim, flattered by the interest taken in his affairs by Messrs. Blank & Co., Ltd., and attracted by the lure of quick (and untaxed) profit, bites. He sends his cheque or his securities to pay for the recommended shares. At first he is allowed to make, or led to believe he has made, a profit. Ultimately, after one or two more deals, he finds he has been induced to embark capital, profits and more besides in a wild-cat venture worth precisely nothing. If the circulars now being widely distributed by the Board of Trade warning potential victims are read and taken to heart, Mr. Runciman will have done well.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

BUDGET CHAOS

PRIME MINISTER designate, Mr. Neville Chamberlain has clearly been studying the technique whereby Mr. Baldwin, the Tory Socialist, has succeeded in adroitly retaining the almost affectionate support of the great mass of British Centre opinion. Confounding those who have professed to see in him *par excellence* the cold, reactionary man of property, the Chancellor in his last Budget has dismayed his well-to-do back benchers, antagonised the City, and rallied, however reluctantly, to his support, most Opposition critics. Politically, Mr. Chamberlain has scored a bull's-eye; the economic and fiscal difficulties inherent in his proposals are left for his unhappy successor to unravel.

In its broad outlines the Budget balance-sheet conforms to expectations and requires little comment. Including a margin of £10 millions for supplementary Civil Estimates (but, surprisingly, no provision for supplementary Defence expenditure) the Chancellor put his prospective outgoings at £863 millions, apart from the £80 millions to be furnished by borrowing on rearmament account. On the other side of the ledger his anticipations of revenue on the basis of existing taxes were not unreasonably optimistic. From direct taxes about £23 millions more should accrue, and from Customs and Excise an additional £12 millions. Making allowance for an unexplained prospective drop of £13½ millions in Miscellaneous Receipts, he placed his probable revenue from all existing sources at £848 millions, leaving a gap of £15 millions to be bridged. Towards this an increase of threepence, generally regarded as a foregone conclusion, in the rate of income-tax is to contribute £13 millions, and £2 millions are to come this year from a revived Excess Profits Duty, similar in principle—though much more moderate in scale—to that levied during the war, and now christened "N.D.C." —National Defence Contribution.

It is on the merits of this new tax that Budget controversy will be focused. The provisions governing its collection are complex, and cannot be fully appreciated until publication of the Finance Bill. Broadly, however, the intention is clear: industry and business (other than "the professions" and, it would appear, agriculture) are to pay to the Treasury from one-fifth to one-third of future earnings in excess of a given datum level. This level is to be at the taxpayer's option either the average profit made in the three years 1933–35, or "standard" profits, representing 6 per cent. (for private firms 8 per cent.), on capital "calculated at the cost of the assets in the business, subject to suitable adjustments." Debentures and loans are to be deducted in assessing "capital," and reserves (together with income accruing from them) are to be excluded if they are invested "outside the business." The tax is to be continued "for the duration" of rearmament—i.e., theoretically for five years; and from 1938–39 onwards, when Defence expenditure will exceed even the present level, its yield will amount to £20–25 millions a year. Thus, Mr. Chamberlain, looking ahead, claims to have furnished himself with a flexible source of growing future revenue. By implication, the direct taxpayer need not fear further burdens in store for him.

From the Socialist standpoint, "N.D.C." is superficially an attractive proposition. It will doubtless suppress stock-market exuberance, and ostensibly it satisfies the just demand that prosperous citizens should not make undue profits out of rearmament. There is the further material advantage that the proposed ascertainment of industry's real capital may serve as a ready-made basis, albeit calculated on dubiously accurate lines, on which a future Labour Government could erect a capital levy. In any case the Chancellor at least merits commendation for refraining, as an alternative, from adding to the already onerous weight of indirect taxation.

It is when the practical effects of this tax in a capitalist system are considered that misgivings arise. Adroit though it be from an electioneering angle, there is room for grave doubt whether "N.D.C." may not prove administratively a nuisance, occasion considerable hardship and injustice, and intensify economically the very troubles, in the way of an inflationary boom, which it professedly sets out to check.

In the first place, the definition of "capital" will involve extremely intricate valuations on which the obstructionist talents of company lawyers and accountants will be happily employed for years ahead. As for "profits," the history of "E.P.D." from 1915 to 1921 is a record of endless wrangles over depreciation of stocks, obsolescence of plant, profits "hidden" either by dilution of capital or by artificial contracts with interlocking subsidiaries. In a period when the war-time conception of "sacrifices all round" no longer constitutes such a cogent appeal to the conscience of the business community, the motives making for attempts at evasion will operate more strongly than ever.

Secondly, it has to be remembered that the datum level for "E.P.D." was 1911–13, a period in which the prosperity of British industry was not merely above the pre-war norm but was fairly uniform in its spread. In the datum level period now proposed, not merely were industrial profits still sub-normal, but their incidence was very variable. Industries and trades catering for the "sheltered" home market had regained a high and now roughly stable level of profits, whereas the "unsheltered" industries—textiles, steel and shipping—were still in the depths (at least until 1935) of the depression of international trade. These industries are now beginning to enjoy ampler profits, derived in some part from rearmament but accruing in much greater degree from world recovery. Their capital needs for re-equipment are great, and in many cases—e.g. shipping—adequate provision for depreciation has not yet been made; yet their earnings are to be mulcted, while those of more consistently prosperous "consumers'" industries will be scarcely touched, unless they can be proved to be earning huge percentages on their "real capital."

As between similarly situated concerns the tax will create gross anomalies, some of which are illustrated in our City columns. In its incidence, moreover, the holder of non-risk bearing bonds and prior charges, whatever may be his wealth, is left unscathed. Its burden falls exclusively on the *entrepreneur*, whether he be partner in a private firm or the holder of equity shares in a limited company. By what standards, Capitalist or Socialist, is it justifiable to single out for discriminatory taxation precisely that section of capital which at least can claim that it is shouldering the maximum risks of enterprise, while the pure

rentier goes scot-free? The psychological effect of the tax is likely to be harmfully restrictive, above all in the case of "new" industries projected for the Distressed Areas.

Finally, unless human nature has changed miraculously since the days of "E.P.D.," we may be fairly sure that the tax, in so far as it is not evaded, will be "passed on" in the form of higher selling prices, as the Spending Departments among other consumers will find to their cost. Add to this that liability to "N.D.C." will undoubtedly, as in the previous experience of "E.P.D.", conduce towards extravagance of administration and reckless expansion of premises and plant out of otherwise taxable earnings: Mr. Chamberlain's scheme seems likely to stimulate, rather than discourage, the inflationary trend of prices which—much more than stock-market inflation of share values—is a dangerous element in the present situation.

Even as a conveniently expansive source of future revenue the new tax is open to serious objections. In, say, 1938–40 all may be well. But what if the trade cycle turns downwards, as it may easily do, in 1940, and the Treasury's revenue from other taxes consequently declines? The Exchequer may then be faced, as it was in 1921, with the peculiarly awkward need to meet large claims for repayment of "N.D.C.," since the Chancellor has stated that, following past precedent, earnings "below standard" in any future accounting period may be allowed to off-set "excess" profits in another period. There is thus an element of undesirable precariousness in these anticipated sinews of war.

The truth is that if Mr. Chamberlain had been less concerned to "dish" Opposition critics and gain popular esteem as "Neville the Profiteer-killer," he could have found his prospectively needed revenue less dramatically but more soundly out of Sur-tax and Estate Duties. Above all, had the Government imposed a really effective control over the costings and profit margins of firms engaged on armament contracts the need to tax "profiteering" would not have arisen. "N.D.C." is evidently intended to camouflage the Government's flagrant failure in this direction, but it is an economically unsound device, calculated, as all bad taxes are, to lower the moral sense of the resentful taxpayer and result in every manner of legal and fraudulent evasion.

THE WAR FOR RAW MATERIALS IN SPAIN

No one to-day takes seriously the claims of Hitler and Mussolini that they are fighting in Spain to defeat "Communism," while recent dispatches concerning the fighting near Cordoba for possession of the Almaden mercury mine suggest that they have some very concrete aims in their invasion of Spain. Is the Spanish war simply an extension of the world-wide struggle for raw materials? Are the various confusing shifts of power behind Franco—first German, then Italian—explainable on this basis? Are the two mineral-poor dictators making a little war in Spain to provide themselves with the real sinews of a big war?

Some answer to these questions may be found in the mineralogical nature of the Spanish peninsula. Spain constitutes a far richer preserve of the basic elements which nourish industry then either Ethiopia or the former German colonies. Iron, the principal staple in munitions making, which both Germany and Italy lack, exists in abundance near Oviedo, near Vigo and in the beleaguered Basque provinces. The best copper mines in Europe lie in Huelva province. Not far from the mercury of Almaden, the famous Peñarroya mine produces high-grade lead. Other essential minerals—coal, tin, tungsten, silver, molybdenum, salt, phosphates, pyrites, graphite and zinc—are scattered throughout the peninsula and, across the straits of Gibraltar, Spanish Morocco contains iron, lead and manganese. Under monarchy and republic, foreign interests and to a lesser extent Spanish capital developed only a part of these resources. Accordingly, when the republic faced serious civil strife, it was natural that the two most predatory powers in Europe should look hungrily towards Spain.

The first move of Italy and Germany to satisfy such a natural craving occurred late in 1934 when it was announced that a German-Italian consortium of business interests had been formed to exploit Spanish mineral wealth. The Federation of Italian Industrialists made up the Italian half of the deal. On the German side, the Metallgesellschaft led a group of firms including I.G. Farbenindustrie, Krupp, Rheinmetall, Kloenne and Siemens and Halske. They chose as technical adviser M. Georges Dubnikoff, a White Russian engineer who had worked as a tungsten expert for Metallgesellshaft interests. M. Dubnikoff arrived in Spain late in 1934.

The time of his arrival is important. In 1934, the Right parties had won the elections and in October had suppressed the revolt of the Asturian miners. Lerroux, friend of big business, dominated politics with the co-operation of Gil Robles, himself an aspirant for the dictatorship and friend of German and Italian Fascism. The consortium, according to M. Charles Reber, writing in *L'Oeuvre*, February 11th, 1937, was formed with the avowed object of rendering "Germany and Italy absolutely independent of London, France and Sweden" for all minerals, especially iron. M. Reber writes with authority, for he was the first to expose the part which the Alpin Montan Gesellschaft played in the overthrow of the Austrian Socialists and the assassination of Dollfuss.

M. Dubnikoff established headquarters in Barcelona, where he set up a testing laboratory, and he made a thorough survey of Spanish territory. He became particularly interested in the lignite deposits in Aragon and sent samples to the Metallgesellschaft, with the suggestion that this lignite could be distilled on the ground into good synthetic motor fuel. As a result of his report, a military memorandum went into the dossiers of the consortium stressing the importance of distilling synthetic fuel in Spain so that German submarines and airplanes could be supplied there. Towards the end of his stay in Spain, M. Dubnikoff appeared to devote most of his allegiance to the Italian wing of the consortium, and it was to Italy that he went when he closed his Barcelona headquarters in April, 1936—just two months after the victory of the Popular Front in Spain and three months before the revolt of the Spanish military.

In these critical intervening months, the rebellion was hatched with the complicity of Germany and Italy. What bargain was made between the Spanish rebels and these two Powers remains unknown. But the arrival of both German and Italian planes at the start, followed by the virtual invasion of Spain by troops of both nations, certainly sealed whatever deal existed. M. Dubnikoff's researches merely provided the blueprint.

The blueprint included Spanish Morocco. Here the Germans trod familiar ground, for before the World War the activities of the German mining firm of Mannesmann in both Spanish and French Morocco contributed to the famous Agadir incident. (Driven out by the war, Mannesmann came back and according to a *New York Times* dispatch from Berlin, January 11th, 1937, got a mining concession there.) On August 27th, 1936, Franco seized the Riff mines, German concessions and all, and set up a company in Seville called "Hisma Limitado, Carranza y Bernhardt," with a monopoly of all raw materials from Moroccan mines.

As details of the deal leaked out, however, the real power behind Hisma became manifest. Curiously enough, Carrenza and Bernhardt had long served as special representatives of

German mining firms in Spain, and their new creation produced a branch in Berlin called "Rowak." All existing contracts were cancelled and any new ones, it seems, had to be approved by Rowak. The deal included a clause providing that the transport of minerals should be carried out at the risk of German consignees and *that the latter would put German ships at the disposal of Hisma-Rowak under the protection of German warships*. Finally, German payments for these minerals should be made by deducting these sums from the debt which Franco owes Germany (rumoured to be approximately 320 million pesetas). *Reynolds' News* summed up the deal, "In reality, Hisma is a German organisation with a Spanish name."

Germany lost no time in starting shipments of the 800,000 tons of ore due to her by the contract. Edgar Mowrer cabled the *Chicago Daily News* on December 22nd, 1936: "An entire fleet of ships is engaged in bringing arms to Spain, returning loaded with iron ore for Germany." The iron ore situation in Germany had become serious. Britain had started to compete for Swedish ore, one of Germany's best sources. The French Socialists, in power in France, had been talking of an embargo on Lorraine ores to Germany. Spanish iron ore for the past year had been unavailable because Spanish exporters could not obtain German import licences as a result of the German currency shortage. Dr. Schacht, who had rationed butter, now made plans for rationing the materials which make cannon. It is not too much to say that the German adventure in Spain saved the German rearmament programme.

The Italians became active on the side of Franco later than the Germans and after German military aid diminished—possibly because the Italian armament programme was further advanced than the Germans' and their mineral needs were therefore less urgent. The Germans, in December, had obtained concessions for tin in Galicia and iron in Vigo and asked for vanadium and tungsten concessions in Estramadura. But, at this juncture, large Italian detachments landed at Cadiz and proceeded, not to the battle front, but far behind the lines to the sites of the tungsten and vanadium deposits in order to prevent German occupation.

In January, the Italians, now the most numerous of the foreign forces, started their advance on Malaga, which they captured a month later. This success was intended as a preliminary to a march up the coast towards Cartagena, where lie some of the best iron, lead, copper and sulphur deposits in Spain. Recently they commenced a drive for the Almaden mercury mine north of Cordova. Since Spain, the largest, and Italy the next largest, producers of mercury in the world virtually dominate the world mercury market, it would seem that Italy had ambitions to corner the market by this military operation in this metal which amongst its uses has special importance as a detonator. (Much of Italy's mercury comes from mines, formerly in Austrian possession, ceded to Italy by the peace treaties after the war.) Italy may also have been influenced by the fact that, in October, Spain broke up the mercury cartel which she had with Italy for the purpose of fixing prices and restricting production. Italians complained that this was done for "political purposes." According to the United States Bureau of Commerce Circulars, Spain after breaking the cartel was reported to have given the exclusive sales agency for Spanish mercury to the British firm of Alexander Pickering and Company.

Elsewhere in Spain battles rage which may decide the fate of raw materials. Rebels and loyalists still fiercely dispute, after a protracted struggle of six months, the rich iron centre of Oviedo. Farther to the east, the Basques are defending other iron mines. In Aragon, German troops have appeared fighting, it may be inferred, for these lignite deposits which, as we have seen, may fuel German submarines and airplanes in a world war. Down in Rio de Oro, the tropical African colony of Spain, loyalists have scored a victory against the rebels. Rio de Oro contains rubber which Germany badly needs.

While Germany and Italy quite openly fight battles for raw materials, international capital takes a stand which can only be construed as co-operation with these powers. In the Riff, for instance, British and French mines receive no payments for the ore which is being sent to Germany (all payments, as it has been shown, are applied to Franco's armament debt). Yet these companies show an odd diffidence about the matter. Not a single protest has been filed by these companies or their governments. On the contrary, the financial elements in London and Paris representative of these companies are known to be strongly pro-Franco.

Consider the extraordinary case of the Rio Tinto mines. This British firm produces in the province of Huelva the largest part of Spanish copper. Rio Tinto might well have feared that the Popular Front electoral victory would mean a less friendly governmental attitude towards its operations, and particularly towards its reactionary labour policy. In fact, the shares of Rio Tinto dropped after the February, 1936, elections, when the Popular Front won, from a "high" of £22 to £13 in August. They recovered sharply after the rebels took Huelva in August and not long ago stood at £30. Yet, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, the output of Rio Tinto is being "requisitioned and sold to Germany," at a price of 42 pesetas to the pound, whereas the current rate is between 80 and 90 per pound. Has an international capitalist "understanding" been reached with Franco and his Fascist backers?

The mysterious farce of non-intervention becomes a little clearer when one considers how intricately French, British, German, Italian and American capital is interwoven into the Spanish economy. That highly cosmopolitan family the Rothschilds, besides being reported to have an interest in the Spanish mercury mines, own the world-famous lead mine of Peñarroya, now in the possession of the rebels. The Peñarroya directors include some interesting personalities: Frederic Ledoux, who sits on the board of the Spanish company Union Española de Explosivos next to Dr. Aufschlager, one of the principals of the German munitions industry; M. Humbert de Wendel, whose family's munitions interests straddle the Rhine; and the Italian Count Henrico San Martino de Valperga. The late Sir Basil Zaharoff held shares in the Logrosan mines and his activities in the Spanish munitions industry, Sociedad Española de Construccion Naval, were widely celebrated by the Nye Committee investigating the munitions industry. These munitions plants are now operating for the rebels in Ferrol and Cadiz. Rio Tinto, together with Metallgesellschaft, own the European Pyrites Company and interlock in Africa with the J. P. Morgan interests. The Morgans have their finger in the Spanish situation via the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and great electrical companies. But British capital dominates foreign interests in Spain and a long article in itself would be necessary to do justice to the extraordinary way in which British capital, often in conjunction with Spanish, French, Belgian and German interests, has exploited the country.

In view of this situation, one is not surprised that the Baldwin Government, representative as it is of finance capital, should be so strongly persuaded of the advantages of non-intervention agreements which are detrimental to the loyalist cause. Also, the knowing ones who have insisted that Britain could always "control" a victorious Franco appear to know what they are talking about.

Besides, why should not these British and French interests find in a Franco victory a solution of difficulties which have prevented them from being impartially (and prosperously) international? Currency restrictions and the consequent inability of Germany and Italy to buy freely have kept many companies from profiting from the German and Italian armament booms. But with Franco in power, British and French capital might flow into a newly organised Bank of Spain, Germany and Italy might borrow from this institution to pay for raw materials, and dividends in Peñarroya, Almaden, and the foreign companies in the Riff would be amply assured.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

A LONDON DIARY

THE Budget is likely to have the roughest passage since the Lloyd George Budget of 1909. I don't believe in Tory talk of stopping Mr. Chamberlain from succeeding Mr. Baldwin, but I do expect to see the Chancellor forced by the outraged group behind Sir Robert Horne to whittle his new tax down to nothingness. City experts say that for merely technical reasons the tax will not stand ten minutes' rigorous examination. F. E. Smith, they recall, once said that Mr. Neville Chamberlain was "a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year." The explanation suggested is that Mr. Chamberlain, fearful of another budget leakage, but inspired by an honest desire to tax the armament maker and dish the Opposition, worked it out by himself without allowing any independent expert even to see it. If so, we owe the new Excess Profits tax to Mr. J. H. Thomas.

* * *

The "Service" press often provides interesting hints about the trend of official opinion. Take the survey of international affairs in the February issue of the *Naval Review*, a semi-official organ privately circulated among naval officers. One would expect such a survey to be pro-Franco and anti-Red, but one would also expect it to be careful about the accuracy of its facts and to state the issues with a certain objectivity. Instead of this the article might be written by a *Daily Mail* leader-writer. The Spanish war is simply attributed to "the intolerance and misgovernment" of the Popular Front administration and "the sincere patriotism" of the rebel generals, while German intervention is explained because "politically Russia's intervention was too much for Germany!" Nothing about the background, nothing about Franco's relations with Italy and Germany, nothing to suggest that Russia's intervention with tanks and aeroplanes was legal help to a properly constituted Government and, in historical fact, sent not before but after Fascist intervention. More surprising still, nothing about the threat to British sea communications, nothing about the Italian occupation of Majorca or about the struggle for raw materials and strategic position in the Western Mediterranean. The article ends with a plea for friendship between France, Germany and ourselves. "It may be too late to prevent Germany striking in Eastern Europe, but we must not let fears of a dominant Germany convert a limited into a general war." The moral is that the problem of Europe is "the revision of the peace settlement either by frontier changes in Europe or by colonial concessions, whichever proves easier." Yet the problem of concessions is difficult "because of the danger of making sacrifices merely to render a potential enemy stronger"—which puts the Imperialist's dilemma in a nutshell.

* * *

Sir Thomas Inskip's plea for giving to the public the liberty of London's squares has produced varying and characteristic responses. Lady Oxford, writing from Bedford Square (the finest which is left to us) enthusiastically supports the plea. "There is not a city in Europe where there are so few seats to sit upon or open spaces in crowded quarters where tired men and women can rest as there are in London." Sir David Baird (who lives in Cadogan Square) points out that residents in squares pay higher rents for the privilege and that the railings act as a "filter" for keeping much of the dirt out that is in the streets around. Mr. de V. Payne-Payne (writing from Nevern Square) also opposes the idea. The residents in his square, he admits, do not often frequent it; but that is because "the high rates of taxation keep their noses too close to the grindstone." And finally, Sir Thomas Inskip writes with charming irony: "It is true that the gardens are a convenient exercising ground for pet dogs, but children would enjoy them as much as dogs." May I suggest a very simple way of reconciling lovers of railings to this admirable scheme? To remove the railings would, of course, be most satisfying to the eye, but all that is necessary is to unlock the garden gates, leaving the railings as they are in Leicester Square and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Experience shows that the London public is very respectful of trees and flowers; in any case, there would still have to be gardeners to look after them just as there are now. The most serious objection to the scheme is that landlords are being invited to give something for nothing. In connection with the Commemoration of King George V by the provision of open spaces and playing fields, I suggested that London landowners could not more elegantly contribute than by opening the square gardens. It is a case in which a hint from the throne would be both gracious and helpful.

* * *

My recent remarks about coming Cabinet changes have brought two criticisms. In the first place, I am told on the authority of one of the best-informed observers of Parliament that Sir John Simon is almost certainly to be the next Chancellor of the Exchequer. The second criticism comes from outraged Scotsmen who have misunderstood my remark that Mr. Walter Elliot is "too clever to please a Conservative Cabinet," and has been "shelved" as Minister for Scotland. Now I have too much good Scots blood in me to belittle Scotland or the Minister for Scotland. I was referring to possible promotions to the highest offices of State and must explain that, by a shameful tradition, the post of Minister for Scotland is not regarded as a step towards the Premiership or Exchequer. To point out, as my correspondents do, that the Minister for Scotland has to be a number of Ministers rolled into one and that Scotland is an important place and not "a mere dung midden, suitable only for the administrative attention of the most contemptible nonentity," is no doubt good rhetoric, but scarcely a worthy contribution from the native of a country famous for its logicians. The author of this outburst adds details of Mr. Elliot's indubitable qualifications of birth, education and ability for his important office and reminds me that "there are in Scotland half-a-million Irish Roman Catholics who are either from the Irish Free State or whose forbears come from that country whose vile treatment at the hands and arms of Great Britain has very many times roused the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to sublime indignation. . . ." And there are people who say that Scotsmen have no sense of humour!

* * *

When for the sixth time in one day an aeroplane carrying a streamer bumbled over our chimney pots and Coronation decorations—height is difficult to calculate, but it was certainly very low—I inquired from the Air Ministry whether there were no regulations to prevent the exploitation of the London air. Can one trail any advertisement across the sky? Apparently one can as long as one's aeroplane is passed as mechanically fit for trailing purposes. There is at present no regulation to prevent the sun being blotted out with the names of brands of tooth-paste or ladies' underwear, or even, apparently, with advertisements for one's particular brand of politics. The Communists could go into the air and exhort the workers of the world to unite, or the Fascists blaze the virtues of Hitler and Mussolini across the sky. The only restriction is that the aeroplane must fly at a height that will enable it to come down safely on the nearest landing ground. How, I wonder, does this work out with an autogyro, which can safely land on a tennis court? The noise of London is bad enough already. Is there anybody, except the sillier kind of advertiser, who would not welcome the prevention of this additional menace to one's peace and quiet?

* * *

Last year the German authorities celebrated the centenary of Heidelberg University on June 30th, though the date had no precise historical relevance. This year they are doing the same thing for Göttingen, though Göttingen was actually founded in 1734 and reopened on September 17th, 1737. The object of choosing June 30th is apparently to lend an air of respectability to a date which is now associated only with murder. Perhaps we may regard the celebrations as a

synthetic occasion—a joint commemoration of the murders of June 30th and of a really very memorable event that occurred not in 1737, but in 1837. For it was in 1837 that seven professors of Göttingen, known as *Die Göttinger Sieben*, were expelled for protesting against the King of Hanover's action in revoking the Liberal Constitution of 1833. The seven professors were all eminent scholars; they included the brothers Grimm. To celebrate the intellectual independence and courage of these professors a hundred years ago would certainly be apt. Fifty-two members of the staff of Göttingen have been expelled by the Nazis for political reasons. I do not know whether Herr Rust, who is Minister of Education and who is primarily responsible for the elimination of learning in Göttingen and other German Universities, would wish to call people's attention to the fact that more than 1,600 scholars, suspected of liberalism or of a taint of Jewish blood, have been turned out of their posts by his Government. On second thoughts, I doubt if Herr Rust would mind at all, for he ended his address at the Heidelberg centenary last year with these words:

> The old idea of science, based on the belief of the abstract intellect, is finished. The new science has nothing in common with the conception that its honour lies in the everlasting nature of a search for truth.

I should add that Herr Rust, who, as Minister of Education, so decisively rejects the intellectual search for truth as the function of science, has himself a very odd scholastic record. As a schoolmaster he showed such obvious signs of mental instability that doctors pronounced him as "irresponsible." He therefore lost his post and joined the Nazis.

* * *

I may add that the official orator of Göttingen, Dr. Kahrstedt, professor of ancient history, put the new conception of German scholarship in even blunter terms. In an address at Göttingen on German Empire day, he urged that everyone should take this vow:

> We reject international science. We reject the international republic of learning. We reject research for its own sake. We teach and learn medicine, not to increase the number of known germs, but to keep the German people strong and healthy. We teach and learn history, not to say how things happened, but to instruct the German people from the past. We teach and learn science, not to discover abstract laws, but to sharpen the instrument of the German people in competition with other peoples. If the German universities make and keep this vow, then they will naturally be the first to be consulted in all cultural and spiritual questions.

This is the conception of learning that our universities have been asked to respect by joining in the celebrations at Göttingen, and that Oxford astonishingly has hesitated about refusing to honour.

* * *

As an example of what journalism can do at a Coronation a correspondent sends me the following quotation from the *Daily Express* of June 23rd, 1911. The author was Ralph D. Blumenfeld and the passage is to be found in *Fleet Street*, an anthology of modern journalism. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 1932.)

> The Coronation cannot be described. It is a thing impossible and too vast, too magnificent, too mystic, and too solemn, for written sentences. It cannot be done. . . .

Well, why try? CRITIC

POLAND AND THE COLONELS

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN WARSAW)

FOR years I do not remember hearing so much about the delights of democracy as in Poland this spring. There is no doubt that the majority of Poles feel real enthusiasm—partly by way of protest against the ruling clique in Warsaw and against powerful neighbours to the east and west—for a return to democratic government. What people mean by democracy, beyond free elections with unfalsified returns, is a little obscure. Certainly in the case of the peasants, and of those National Democrats who have not now deserted the cause of democracy, there is still something of the jealous love of the eighteenth century nobles and gentry for the *liberum veto;* they want freedom for the free Pole, and to-day the peasant has been promoted to this rank. They turn a blind eye, however, to the possible rights of Jews or White Russians or Ukrainians. Nor is it easy to discover how democracy is to work from an administrative point of view; one is only told that it is no good going back to the unbridled powers enjoyed by the Polish Parliament in the post-war years until 1926.

The Polish National Democrats form a very perplexing oppositional party, which still includes a majority of violent Jew-haters with a weakness for Hitlerism, together with a genuinely democratic élite not altogether innocent of Jewish blood. This élite has a good deal to say in the press, and nowadays more or less collaborates with the Christian Democrat and Conservative parties in pushing against the rule of the men Pilsudski left behind him. It also wishes to collaborate with the People's Party (sometimes called Populists), the peasants' political organisation which embraces the largest following in the land. If anything can remove the dictating oligarchy of the Colonels and their friends, it will be the hostility of the peasants. The Government hopes that improved economic conditions, from which the Polish peasant is already profiting, will reconcile him with the *status quo*. Prosperity may, on the contrary, help the People's party to extend its organisation, from the old Austrian territory in Little Poland (or Galicia) where it arose and is strongest, to the farthest corners of the country. There is a legend abroad which makes Pilsudski into a veritable father of his people. So vulnerable is his fame in Poland that a new book by M. Studnicki which questioned his generalship has just been suppressed within some ten days of publication, although Studnicki is on the Right and a supporter of Beck. The peasants never forgave Pilsudski the *coup d'état* of 1926, nor the imprisonment and expulsion of Witos, their leader, a few years later. The character of Witos has, of course, been officially blackened, but one has only to look at the man to realise that his is the type of personality which naturally becomes something symbolic. It is evident that the Polish Government dare not let Witos return.

In the towns of Poland life is relatively (only relatively) free, but in the villages in Western Galicia, for example, a state of semi-warfare exists between the officials and the police on the one hand, and the peasants on the other, and there are times when the villagers go off into the woods to avoid police visitations. Now what do the peasants want? How politically conscious are they? It is always difficult to judge with East European peasants for whom any political meeting tends to be something of a local festival, a fact which organisers naturally exploit; last Sunday, for instance, the People's Party called a meeting at Raclawice where Glowacki, Kosciuszko's peasant leader, was born. The Polish People's Party very consciously wants at any rate three things: the return of Witos, the confiscation of the last big estates (still covering a very considerable area) for redistribution, and a return to democracy. As for democracy, it means free elections, self-government in the villages and an end to police rule. But the peasants have become markedly anti-Semitic in the last few years since the privations of the slump; democracy, as they see it, will be found to mean freedom and equality for Poles and for Poles alone.

Efforts are being made to bring together the supporters of the Paderewski and Witos traditions with the political heirs of Liebermann in the cause of the new Polish freedom. But the peasants feel a good deal of bitterness against the Socialists as the accomplices of Pilsudski in 1926; after all, they say, Pilsudski and the Socialists all came out of the old P.P.S. camp together. One of the peasant and national democrat complaints against the Government is that it is not sufficiently anti-Semitic. Indeed, it is said to be supported only by the Jews, and this is to some extent true of the orthodox, Zionist and big industrialist Jews. With the Socialists, the other parties

complain, it is the same thing and worse, for they openly collaborate with the progressive Jews. Popular Front activities, supported by the Jewish *Bund* and by Communists, also cause annoyance in peasant circles. Jewish students and Jewish Socialists, by the way, have plenty of fight in them in Poland, where the Jews as a whole form a good 10 per cent. of the population.

The Polish Socialist Trades Unions are well organised and even, on the whole, prosperous. The Socialist Party, many of whose stalwarts spent ten years in Siberia in Tsarist days, have been, perhaps for that reason, a little too loyal in the past, and they have set their faces against a Popular Front with a Russophile party. The Warsaw regime, nevertheless, exploits the "Communist menace" at the expense of the Socialists who are genuine opponents of the Government of to-day. The sales of Socialist newspapers have been steadily rising of late, and the party is strong in Warsaw, Radom and Lodz, though curiously weak, for local reasons, in the great heavy industry area in Upper Silesia. In Lodz, the Manchester of Poland, as people helpfully explain to one, where a successful strike has just sent wages up, a characteristic political tussle has been going on. Local government elections were held some little time ago, and it is interesting that the Government did not care to risk putting up any candidate of its own. The Socialists obtained a two-thirds majority and elected as mayor a well-known Left-wing Socialist, Barlicki. Soon after this the members of the staff of a Socialist paper, *Dzennik Popularny*, associated with Barlicki, were arrested and the paper suppressed as Communist, and at the beginning of April a Government Commissioner was—as usual—appointed in place of the Mayor of Lodz.

In addition to the demand that democracy shall be restored, the oppositional groups are united in bitter condemnation of Colonel Beck's foreign policy, which they regard as incurably Germanophile. In spite of these common opinions the Polish oppositionals remain deplorably divided; indeed, the chief strength of the Government lies in oppositional dissensions. Up to the present, however, singularly little advantage has been gained by the Fabian tactics of the regime. About a year ago Marshal Smigly-Rydz entrusted Colonel Koc with the task of enunciating the principles upon which a new Camp of National Unity was to be erected. During the interval the attempted seduction of critics has failed and the popularity of Rydz-Smigly has faded away. Heralded by lectures from Colonel Miedzinski, an old collaborator of Colonel Beck, the Koc programme was finally launched in February of this year, but it seemed to consist merely of semi-Fascist platitudes and cannot be said to have gained a single supporter, even among Right-wing National Democrats. It was immediately rejected by the People's Party, and even Moraczewski, the head of the Z.Z.Z. or Government Trades Unions, refused his adherence; in answer to this, the Z.Z.Z. organisation is, of course, being broken up. Government propaganda is still going on. Favourable reactions abroad are reported. Speeches are being delivered all over the country to which the warm responses of official groups are immediately published in the press. Peasant deputations are invited to Warsaw and generously entertained. On one such occasion a peasant guest, in answer to General Galica, a former Peasant Party man now working for the Government, remarked that Colonel Koc might possibly win a thousand peasants to his side, but if the Government brought Witos back all the millions of peasants in the country would be won!

The inevitable question arises, What next? Most oppositionals, i.e., most people one meets, are optimistic. "You cannot indefinitely govern Poles against their will," they say, "and with some thirteen million members of discontented minorities as well, it is even less possible." (The proportion of non-Polish citizens in Poland, by the way, is about the same as the proportion of non-Czechoslovak citizens in Czechoslovakia.) But the pessimists say that the Government will not give way—it will only intensify the system, transforming an erratic, and in some ways mild, dictatorship into something more on the German or Italian model. Arrests have already increased, the approach of May 1st being plentifully exploited. The Government, indeed, holds all the compelling trump cards. A gigantic bureaucracy is dependent upon it. It is training a special police force on the lines of the German S.S., ostensibly to deal with Communist agitators; not long ago the Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, General Skladkowski, invited the deputies to adjourn and admire the prowess of this newly organised force, one-half of which proceeded to chastise the other. And lastly, although there are dissentient voices in all the commissioned ranks of the Army, and although the peasant recruits are mostly as staunchly for Witos as their fathers, the Polish Army would certainly rally to the "Colonels" in any supposed case of national danger. That is the final advantage which the existing regime can exploit. For Poland, lying where she does, is in permanent danger, and the possibility of German or Russian intervention in a Polish civil war is a nightmare of historic proportions for every Pole. Spain may yet escape with her independence, but Poland could not hope to do so.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Dorothy Rudd.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Is the story of Jonah and the whale true? The Rev. D. E. Hart-Davies, Rector of St. Thomas's Church, Edinburgh, raised this question in a lecture in London to-day. "Common sense alone," he declared, "suggests that if a man can invent a mechanical submarine capable of preserving 50 men alive, surely it is not difficult to believe that the Almighty could, if he chose, adapt an animal submarine to be capable of holding one?"—*Evening Standard.*

Even the local poultry is playing its part, for it appears that a Little Thurrock hen has laid an egg with an undoubted "C" on its shell; that the letter stands for "Coronation" will not be disputed by anyone.—*Grays and Tilbury Gazette.*

I have good news for peers. It has been decided that every peer shall be allowed after the Coronation to buy the chair he sat on during the ceremony. Though the chairs themselves are not impressive, the attraction is obvious. As the years go on the chair will become more and more an object of interest and after-dinner conversation. American guests will look upon, and even sit on, it with awe. Altogether, it is a grand idea, though I do not see why it cannot be extended to allow the commoners to buy theirs as well.—*Daily Sketch.*

A big meeting was held, yesterday, at the St. James's Place, S.W., headquarters of the Animals' Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society, where Miss Lind-af-Hageby told hundreds of men and women animal lovers that she has met and talked to educated dogs that can talk, count, read, do arithmetic and discuss geography, as well as sum up visitors to their homes. Tall, stout, with greying hair and a complete belief that dogs can be taught to speak, Miss Lind-af-Hageby told stories of dogs, mostly in Germany, that help children with their homework. The world's wonder dog, says this speaker, is Kurnewal, a dachshund owned by a German baroness. He passes remarks about the clothes women wear, and compliments them when he approves of their hats.—*Daily Herald.*

Free!
CORONATION OFFER!
A lavishly illustrated book:
"STRANGE PEOPLES AND ANIMALS OF THE EMPIRE"
Tells of Fish that climb Trees, People that don't Kiss, Wingless birds, etc."
Advt. for Wrigley's Chewing Gum in Underground.

A photograph was published in the *Daily Telegraph* on March 5th of a caparisoned elephant, used by Major and Mrs. R. Craster after their wedding at Deoli, Rajputana. It was stated that the bride and bridegroom went on the elephant to the church. The elephant was used for the return journey only.—*Daily Telegraph.*

ON BEING TAXED

IT may be only an illusion, but it seems to me that the more heavily the ordinary man is taxed the less he resents being taxed. I should not be surprised to discover that the loudest outcries against taxes were made in times of low taxation. How excruciating the first Income Tax would have been even if it had been only a penny in the pound! What robbery it would have seemed! What a deliberate picking of the pockets of the most industrious section of the community! I am old enough to remember a time of very low Income Tax, when, at the addition of an extra penny to the tax, hard-headed business-men would grind their teeth and protest that the best men would no longer have any motive for getting rich, since the harder they worked the more of their money went into the insatiable maw of the Exchequer. Income Tax they called "a tax on industry," and probably they believed this: "There will come a time," one of them said to me, "when the best brains in the country will simply refuse to go on working for nothing; and what will the Chancellor of the Exchequer do then?"

Unhappy men not to realise their own exceeding happiness! Here they were living in a taxpayers' Utopia, and they made themselves miserable by imagining that they were living on the confines of a taxpayers' Hell. Possibly their sufferings were due in part to their extreme individualism. The successful Victorian was an individualist who believed that a man had a right to do what he liked with his own, and a Government that filched a part of his money from him seemed scarcely less objectionable to him than a pickpocket who stole his gold watch. He admitted the necessity of taxation, but did not see why he should be singled out for a special form of taxation simply because he happened to be the backbone of the country. I fancy his ideal State would have been a State in which men were taxed for being poor and so encouraged to follow the precepts of the gospel of self-help. In those days it was widely believed in a muzzy kind of way that a great deal of poverty was the poor's own fault.

It may be that, as individualists, the Victorians were justified in their detestation of the Income Tax. They may have felt instinctively that Income Tax was the thin end of the wedge, and that the wedge was Socialism. Certainly, if the Government is entitled to appropriate a penny in every pound of one's income in the interests of the community, it is difficult to see how it can be blamed on moral grounds for increasing the penny to twopence, or sixpence, or five shillings, or even nineteen shillings and elevenpence. Confiscation begins with the first penny. After that, it becomes merely a matter of expediency to decide how many pennies shall be appropriated. The Victorian's instinct told him that by acquiescing in Income Tax he was sapping the foundations of individualism. And it seems to me that he was.

Perhaps, it is because individualism of the old a-man-may-do-what-he-likes-with-his-own kind is now in a state of senile decay that we no longer feel an increase in taxation as a personal outrage. Or perhaps it is because we do not eat so much as our grandfathers and so are less inclined to behave apoplectically on Budget Day. Or perhaps it is because the enormous increase in taxation took place amid the shocks of the Great War, in comparison with which the shock of having to pay more than a quarter of one's income to the State seemed trifling. Whatever may be the reason, we are a generation of the resigned.

I may, of course, be unwarrantably judging everybody by myself. My own attitude even to the most rigorous Budget is one of complete passivity. In so far as I am interested in public affairs, I may be concerned as to what effect the Budget will have on the lives of the people. But, as a private individual, I can face any Budget with equanimity. In the latest Budget the removal of the man-servant tax interested me as much—or as little—as the addition of threepence to the Income Tax. I have always disliked the man-servant tax as an unreasonable relic of an age when men-servants were the luxuries of the rich, and I was glad to see the tax go. Its disappearance meant the triumph of reason.

As for my indifference to an increase in the Income Tax, there is no virtue in it. It is due simply to my lack of imagination about arithmetic and to my lazy refusal to look forward to the day when the demand for the extra threepence will be dropped into the letter-box. Budgets do not worry me, but in presence of an Income-Tax demand I am as other men. At the first sight of it, I wonder how I shall ever be able to pay it. Then I have a growing suspicion that many other men earning the same income as myself manage somehow to pay considerably less Income Tax. A sense of injustice rankles increasingly as I see what a difference it makes to me that a married man's income and his wife's are reckoned as one income for the purposes of taxation. This seems to me more unreasonable even than the taxation of men-servants. After all, a married man's expenditure is greater than that of a single man, and a married woman's than that of a single woman. Hence, in my opinion, not only ought the incomes of a married couple to be taxed separately, but large deductions ought to be allowed to each of them on account of the expenses involved in the business of being married. I have not been able to understand the single man's point-of-view on this matter for nearly thirty years. "Iniquitous," I think, is the word that best describes the present state of affairs. At least, it relieves one's feelings to use it.

Many married men, I am sure, would revolt against the iniquities of the Income Tax if it were not for the banking system with its millions of cheque-books. To write a cheque even for a large sum is so immorally easy that it seems hardly worth while raising a row about having to do so. If Income Tax had to be paid in pound notes, I am convinced that the wrench of parting with the money would be so great that many honest misers would go to gaol rather than pay it. If it had to be paid in pre-war sovereigns—money that was really money and looked like it—even the spendthrifts would rise in rebellion. But what is a cheque? Only a piece of paper representing money that one never possessed except in the form of other pieces of paper. To pay by cheque is little more than a symbolic act. It is greatly to the advantage of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, whom it enables to extort our money from us as if by a method of painless extraction.

As for other taxes, how quickly we get used to them! One ceases even to remember that one is paying a tax every time one goes into a theatre or cinema. As one smokes, one's nerves are not in the slightest degree ruffled by the reflection that the packet of twenty cigarettes which once cost sixpence now costs a shilling. Even the whisky-drinker—the chief victim of high taxation—does not sit shrouded in gloom in the public-houses because the drop of whisky that he used to get for twopence has been raised to eightpence in price owing to the rapacity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Obviously a poor man may be seriously injured by indirect taxation; but I doubt whether those whose income places them on or above the comfort line ever pause to inquire how much it is taking out of their pockets. The psychological effect would be different, I am sure, if, when a man went into a shop to buy a bottle of whisky, he were charged 4*s.* 1*d.* for the whisky and sent on to another counter to pay a tax of 8*s.* 5*d.* on the bottle. Indirect taxation, however, makes tax-paying almost as secret and as easy for many people as paying Income Tax by cheque.

Economists have often raised the question whether it is a good thing to make tax-paying seem easy. Easy tax-paying is the enemy of retrenchment. It is good for the tax-payer, we are told, to feel a sharp pang at having to part with his money. He will then be more likely to protest against his money's being taken unless he is sure that it is going to be well, and not wastefully, spent. This may be so, but I doubt whether the ordinary tax-payer has not got past the stage of protesting. He regards himself as a predestined tax-payer—a man born into a world in which tax-paying records soar as

naturally almost as speed records. He has no hope that even his infant child will live to see an era like the Golden Age of the Victorians, when men paid little and grumbled much. He has by now grown accustomed to the Paper Age of the moderns, in which men pay much and grumble little. As he regards this state of affairs as his doom, he is extremely grateful for any subterfuge which enables him to pay taxes painlessly. Unlike the insurgent Victorian, he does not bellow for lower taxation: all that he asks is that his pocket shall be picked as quietly, as unnoticeably, as possible. That, at least, is how I, the descendant of Victorian grumblers, have come to feel about it. Y. Y.

OUR CIVIL LIBERTIES

THE annual general meeting of the National Council for Civil Liberties, held on Tuesday, emphasised not only the vigilance of that Society in defending civil liberty but also the extremely difficult technical task which it is to preserve individual liberty in England. Professor Dicey in his celebrated work, *The Law of the Constitution*, made it one of his main points that an Englishman's liberties depended not on any constitutional guarantee of freedom but upon the ordinary law of the land. "Most foreign constitution-makers," he remarks with that tone of patronage so common with nineteenth-century historians when comparing English institutions with those abroad, "have begun with declarations of rights. For this they have often been in no wise to blame." But, as he explains, their good intentions are largely useless, if not indeed harmful, for formal constitutional guarantees simply ask to be suspended. "Where, on the other hand," he concludes, "the right to individual freedom is part of the constitution, because it is inherent in the ordinary law of the land, the right is one which can hardly be destroyed without a thorough revolution in the institutions and manners of the nation."

From its three years' experience of defending individual and political freedom the National Council for Civil Liberties can show how mistaken Dicey was. Personal and political liberty in England can be easily suspended just because there are no constitutional guarantees, and therefore every attack upon liberty can be represented as a technical matter in which it can be said no question of principle is involved. The National Council for Civil Liberties is a particularly valuable, indeed an essential political institution because of this very technicality of the English law.

Take, for example, the question of political censorship of films. There is no law in England imposing a censorship on the cinema. The censorship grew out of an Act of Parliament intended by Parliament when it passed it to provide against danger from fire. Had the freedom of propaganda been guaranteed by the British Constitution and even had this guarantee been suspended it would still be possible for a person who was charged with showing a prohibited film to conduct his case politically, arguing that the film was not seditious as alleged or was in fact outside the ban. But since the freedom of the cinema depends not on "declarations of right" but upon the "ordinary law of the land," a person charged in England with showing an unlicensed film must prove in order to escape the terms of the Act—originally intended as a protection against fire—that the material of the film he is showing is not inflammable. A man who could make a good political defence will not necessarily also be a sufficiently expert chemist to prove to the Court what is in fact true, that by scientific standards the material of which safety films are to-day made is less inflammable than some of the fireproof materials specified in the regulations made under the Cinematograph Act. It is quite easy for the police to stop, say, a film on the Spanish Civil War while allowing another on, say, the progress of the National Government by alleging the first will burn while ignoring the inflammable qualities of the second. It is only a central organisation like the National Council for Civil Liberties which could possibly undertake the expensive and highly technical task of showing whether the cellulose acetate, of which safety films are made, is or is not, in the scientific sense of the word, inflammable. It is on this scientific question that the freedom of the political cinema depends in England.

In guarding every form of civil liberty the same technical points have to be made. Whether a door-to-door collection is or is not legal may depend upon whether the collector was standing upon the doorstep of the house, and therefore upon private property, or whether though his body was inclined through the door his feet remained on the public highway. In certain streets in the East End of London it is an offence to chalk a notice of a meeting on one side of the road and no offence on the other. On even the simplest point, whether for example a policeman may take a name and address, the law is complicated and difficult.

The National Council for Civil Liberties has within the last year carried out a number of major activities. It has held an inquiry into the police baton charge at Thurloe Square and into police irregularities at Harworth Colliery. It has organised vigilance squads in the East End during the Fascist disturbances, and by legal action in the courts vindicated the right of pacifists to distribute literature to the crowds at the Hendon Air Display. It has intervened on behalf of civil liberty in the Gold Coast, in Northern Ireland and in India. It has now branched out into publishing a paper called *Civil Liberty*. But at least as important, if not more important, are the Council's day-to-day activities in providing skilled technical assistance, without which even the most elementary civil rights of Englishmen cannot be preserved. BARRISTER

LINES LOOKING WEST

WAKING, like the walker into water,
Where did I wander but to Wales, where
The mountain wave, worse than the sea's wave,
Rose cold and suicidal over, soused
My pity in a snow shower, and I drowned.

The flower in glass or the fly in glue,
I lay in Wales watching the Welsh go.
Some went up Snowdon waving red flags, gay
Flourishing their hearts on sticks, to God.
Some descended the hell shafts to get to heaven.

The swan that lies perishing by the sea,
The city in the south, I heard sing:
Its sound was sorrow copied by the sea.
Then I was walking in an old garden's scum
Whose plague of leaves I recognised as human.

Where, I said, is the usual hoard of the west,
The Great Western Sun that polishes the rocks with
Grease of gold? Where is the waste,
I hear the hills repeat, but in the west.
Wait, they cry, for the summer's fortnight murmur!

Turning to return I met a man.
Wait, he said, I see what you mean.
Good, I answered, and so do many more
Gazing on the Welsh gap from the London moon.
They see the sunset, but not that the sun sets.

GEORGE BARKER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs

One Year, post free	30s. 0d.
Six Months " "	15s. 0d.
Three " "	7s. 6d.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Correspondence

"SI VIS PACEM"

SIR,—It is not long ago that the progressive forces of this country were solidly ranged on the side of internationalism, disarmament and economic sanity, and in those days we loved to debunk the catch-phrases and shibboleths of the war and pre-war generations. We were ardent Socialists, toyed with Communism, defended the conscientious objector, talked of the futility of war, and (dare we whisper it?) supported the League of Nations in their efforts to bring the nations to a more rational state of mind.

It should surely, therefore, give us pause when we consider how our attitude has been changed by the Spanish conflict. We thought we saw through the "Brave little Belgium" ramp, but are we quite sure that "Save Spain for Democracy" couldn't be riddled by the same bullets as we used for piercing the war-time jingoisms. Are we *quite* sure that we want peace for its own sake, or are we (as Huxley says) "99 per cent. pacifist, provided we are allowed to play Napoleon in our particular one per cent. of cases. Peace, perfect peace, so long as we can have the war that suits us."

Does the latter-day progressive conception of peace really boil down to this? For Left-wing opinion is now unashamedly against non-intervention, though it would perhaps be a little naive to ask exactly what is meant by *intervention*. Admittedly it *is* embarrassing for present-day progressives when a reactionary government won't let us have that "war that suits us," though they have been considerate enough to give us a rearmament programme at which we can throw stones, but even here our arm is fatally weakened by a qualified acquiescence.

Once again we are being hoodwinked by the Right and we shall soon be manoeuvred into an untenable position. It is time we looked again at our premises, and if we find them true, be honest enough to follow them to their logical conclusion, or else we shall inevitably have our own arguments used against us, and be in danger of becoming the apostles of a newer-Blimpism. The substitution of anti-fascist, or Class war for Imperialistic war doesn't invalidate the old progressive argument against the stupidity and economic suicide of the "if you want peace prepare for war" cliché. However much we may try to persuade ourselves that a heavily armed alliance of democratic powers will prevent war we cannot avoid a twinge of conscience when we remember that we once used conclusively to demonstrate the fallacy of this argument.

ERIC B. SMITH

177 Old Bath Road, Cheltenham.

THE LEFT BOOK CLUB

SIR,—Mr. T. M. Horder's letter on the Left Book Club is surely somewhat spiteful and somewhat disingenuous. In successive paragraphs he calls those of us who are responsible for the Left Book Club "hucksters" and "dictators" (roles which it must be difficult to combine!). Next he attributes the growth of what is, as Mr. Skinner very fully recognised, by far the most remarkable and widespread movement for working-class and democratic political education which this country has ever known, to "laziness" and "foolish bookshop-phobia."

It is, I take it, "laziness" which has spontaneously created eighty-nine new Left Book Club discussion circles in the past month, making a total of almost 500 in under a year. Mr. Horder, of course, knows nothing of, and cares nothing for, the persistent work and heavy sacrifice which the creation of this nation-wide educational organisation has meant to the hard worked and by no means well-off members of our club. I should like him to go to our group conveners in the East End and in the South Wales valleys and hear what they said to him when he told them that they had joined the Left Book Club out of "laziness" and "foolish bookshop-phobia" (whatever that may be). They have joined, and devoted time and energy, to the Left Book Club because it does (not "appears to," as Mr. Horder insinuates) give them 2*s*. 6*d*. books, which would otherwise cost them 10*s*. 6*d*. As a matter of fact, a large number of the Club choices, the ordinary edition of which was priced at 10*s*. 6*d*., were, on ordinary standards, extremely cheap at that price. Our members have joined because they have found in our Club an association, which will have succeeded by the time of its first anniversary in distributing between 400,000 and half a million books designed to equip their readers for the struggle against Fascism and war. I take it that Mr. Horder cares nothing for this struggle. Why should he? But he will find that those of us who do care about it bitterly resent his attack on a movement which has become a vital weapon in that struggle.

So much for spite. As to disingenuousness. Mr. Horder's letter appears to be the communication of a disinterested private individual complaining, for instance, that in choosing *Spain in Revolt* rather than *Spanish Front* or *Spain To-day*, we were failing to provide the best available literature to our members. He gives the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION no hint that he is a member of the firm of Nelsons who published *Spanish Front*. And then he talks about "disinterestedness."

112 Regent's Park Road, N.W.1. JOHN STRACHEY

SIR,—To describe the members of the Left Book Club as so many intellectual sheep, as does Mr. T. M. Horder, seems to be taking a very uncharitable view of the situation. That forty thousand men and women are ready to undertake regular and serious reading seems to me to be all to the good. The great majority of this membership are working men and women. They have not much money to spare, they want serious books, they want them up-to-date, and they want to be able to keep them on their shelves. The Left Book Club—or rather, Mr. Victor Gollancz—says to them: "If our firm knows in advance that a large number of people will take a particular book it can be supplied a great deal more cheaply than if it has to take its chance in the ordinary way on the basis of casual sales." This seems to me to be reasonable.

What I regard as wrong about the conception is that such an organisation of Left Book purchasers should be tied to a single business house. I have no doubt that it would take more space than you would be prepared to give to the subject if I were to seek to discuss in detail the limitations in the scope of books so far offered as a result of the selection by Messrs. Gollancz, Laski and Strachey, but I expect that your readers who have read Mr. Gollancz's claim for his Committee's catholicity in your issue for last week will be able to perceive pretty clearly that there are considerable limitations in the range of Socialist thought covered by the Committee's selection. Even were Mr. Gollancz's list a completely satisfactory one, however, although this would justify the operations of his Selection Committee, it would not remove what is to me the fundamental objection to the whole scheme. This is that it is obviously wrong for a scheme of co-operative purchase of books by Socialists to be tied up to a single capitalist concern, however sympathetic that concern may be. With a club of this type the initiative should be with the club itself and the publishers—all publishers so far as they are prepared to co-operate—should be at its service.

Messrs. Lawrence and Wishart's letter is an interesting one as recounting their experience of the effect of the Left Book Club—or as they call it, "Mr. Gollancz's vivid and successful propaganda"—up to the present. I find them rather more precise, however, as to the way the boom works than they are as to the actual results. If the operations of the Left Book Club have resulted in an upward curve in their sales graph they might have clinched their argument by informing us of the percentage increase. But surely the way things are likely to work out in the "friendly competition for works and authors" is that the publisher with the guaranteed forty thousand sale is certain to get the first chance of the overwhelming majority of manuscripts. Such of these as are likely to come to the other publishers catering for the Left public will be those which fail either in quality or in their conformity to Gollancz-Laski-Strachey standards of orthodoxy. I hope Messrs. Lawrence and Wishart's optimism will be justified, but it seems to me that there is a poor look-out for Left publishers who have so far been able to maintain themselves on a few thousands sale per volume.

J. ALLEN SKINNER

19 Milton Chambers,
Cheyne Walk, London, S.W.10.

SIR,—Three bleats from one of 42,000 lambs!

(1) I am comparatively poor. Where, then, can I find fare as consistently good and cheap as that which Shepherd Dictator Gollancz provides? Must my ribs go uncovered for ever, inadequately nourished by a conservatively run Public Library or the few books I can buy at 7*s*. 6*d*. or 12*s*. 6*d*.?

(2) What other books, for instance, as *The Theory and Practice of Socialism* or *Man's Worldly Goods* are so cheap, so scholarly and so understandably written that I can afford to pass them on

to my more conservatively minded friends knowing that they will make just the impression I have personally failed to do?

(3) As a beginning to leading the ignoble 42,000 to fresh pastures, perhaps Mr. Horder, as the self-appointed ram, will provide a list of six books published in the last six months at 2*s.* 6*d.* per volume which deal adequately and fundamentally with any aspect of sociology? Or is a ram's delight merely in butting?

53 Henry Street, LESLIE A. E. PARKER
St. John's Wood, London, N.W.8.

THE CORONATION SPIRIT

SIR,—The Cathedral City of Wells was startled recently by the sight of 41 quarrymen in the High Street on their way to hold a mass meeting in protest against their dismissal for attempting to discuss with the management a plain case of victimisation. The employers are the pre-eminently Conservative County Council.

As one speaker is reported to have said, "There is no workman in the employ of the County Council who receives a living wage. Even the last increases were given because the Council were shamed by the recent publicity given to the starvation wages that were paid. Even now, with the increase, it has only raised the workers from the starvation line to the line of bare existence."

The leading article of the local paper is entitled: "A Coronation Spirit Required." It informed readers that: "This year is Coronation year and in little over a month's time King George VI and Queen Elizabeth will open yet another chapter in England's glorious history, a history which, compared with other countries, contains little mention of strikes and revolution."

It suggests the hearing of the case by an impartial board of inquiry composed of "heads of works, retired officials of high standing" and adds: "No one likes to hear of men being unemployed. It is not the men who suffer but their wives and children, all of whom are eagerly looking forward to celebrating the Coronation to the best of their ability."

I was intending to send you this cutting for "This England," but, as the paper also reports that a ninepenny increase in the rates has, in the (also Conservative) City Council's opinion, made a "less progressive policy necessary," it occurred to me that the situation might be worth stating at the length of a letter.

This cross-section of typical English life seems to me to illustrate reasonably well what certain members of the Left mean when they describe the Coronation as a Conservative ramp.

The Savage Club, HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON
S.W.1.

NAZIS IN HUNGARY

SIR,—Referring to your issue of March 20th on the recent Hungarian "putsch," I think it might interest your readers to know of a version of this happening which, to those acquainted with the background of Hungarian politics, seems more than probable.

I do not know whether your readers are aware of the fact that, in Hungary, the ballot, except in a few towns, is not secret. After General Gömbös' death, the government and the leaders of the Opposition reached an agreement according to which a Bill would shortly be presented to the House extending the secrecy of the ballot to all constituencies.

It is said that Regent Horthy had been informed by those whose interests would be threatened by this Bill that the next election would bring about a strong deviation to the Left. The position of the Regent, who has sworn allegiance to the Constitution makes it impossible for him not to approve openly of any step taken by his government. A way out of this impasse had to be found. What cannot be done under a constitutional government, might easily be brought about under dictatorship, for which form of government the sympathies of Admiral Horthy were always well known. It was explained to him that his régime in Hungary could only survive through the coming into power of the Right wing of the Governmental Party which is the one most in harmony with his political views. This is a group constituted by about twenty to twenty-five young members of parliament, formerly in Gömbös' following, whose allegiance to Hitlerite Germany is well known. The leaders of this group are Messrs. Mecsér and Marton. This having been made clear, the work of organising the "putsch," which was to free the Regent from his allegiancies and from his constitutional government, was begun.

The back room of an innocent looking travelling-agency was used for the purpose of recruiting adherents. Here for weeks the "conspiracy" worked in peace. All the country was covered with a network of Nazi cells, funds and arms being provided by German agents. How all this activity could go on without the government getting wind of it will for ever remain a mystery. The capital was full of rumours of a "putsch," but no one seemed to know anything definite. A few days before the "coup d'état" was due, intrigue which is unfortunately always present in Hungarian politics, went to work. The Regent was informed that the movement was slipping out of his hands, that Messrs. Mecsér and Marton had started acting on their own, and the success of the action would mean, not the dictatorship of Horthy, but that of Mecsér, Marton and Co. What then happened remains a mystery. The "putsch" was denounced. No one was arrested, no one lost his position, and no one was punished. The Bill that was to have been brought before Parliament in spring has been put off, some say indefinitely.

This coup d'état has now failed, but well-informed circles believe that it has only been postponed and that Nazi influences are still at work with the aim of establishing a pro-Hitlerite dictatorship in Hungary. THEODOR KILAN

Budapest.

CONTROL OF COLONIES

SIR,—In your recent comments on "Germany and S.W. Africa," you write: "As for the larger question, in which this row is an incident, of the restoration of Germany's colonies—we do not believe that that is the way either of justice or of peace. The just and wise cause is to put all colonies under international control."

I shall be grateful if you will tell me what territories you would designate as "colonies," the form of international control you advocate, and whether "to put all colonies under international control" as so explained is in your view practical.

38 Chester Terrace, T. G. TALBOT
Regent's Park, N.W.1.

[By colonies we mean the Crown Colonies and their equivalents in the possession of other Imperial Powers. By international control we mean an administration by an International Civil Service, recruited in the same way as the permanent staff of the League of Nations.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE AMAZING DR. GOGARTY

SIR,—Dr. Gogarty in his autobiography gives a version of an epitaph (quoted by Mr. Shawe-Taylor on April 10th) which he found on the walls of a place of public resort in Dublin:

Here lies the grave of Keelin,
And on it his wife is kneeling;
If he were alive, she would be lying,
And he would be kneeling.

John Aubrey, in one of his more frivolous inquiries, records an epitaph to the Elizabethan, Sir Henry Lee, "of Ditchley, in Oxon, a gentleman of a good estate, and a strong and valiant person." His tomb was embellished with an effigy of himself together with his "dearest Deare, Mris Anne Vavasour," which, says Aubrey, "occasioned these verses":

"Here lies the good old knight Sir Harry,
Who loved well, but would not marry;
While he lived and had his feeling,
She did lye, and he was kneeling,
Now he's dead and cannot feele
He doeth lye and shee doeth kneele.

"Some bishop," Aubrey continues, "did threaten to have this Monument defaced; at least, to remove Mris A. Vavasour's effigies."

Aubrey's version seems metrically the better, although perhaps morally the worse. Can it have been that ecclesiastical influence had, with the passage of years, improved the estate of this historic lady? MARGARET UPCOTT

13 Bishopswood Road, Highgate, N.6.

MODERN SCHOOLS

SIR,—All my critics seem to take it for granted that education is a specialised process carried on in establishments set aside for that purpose. I thought my original article and my subsequent letter made it clear that I take it to cover all the physical and mental upbringing of the child, at home and at school. Dora Russell is a schoolmistress, and, naturally, writes from the schoolmistress's point of view; but when she talks of giving up

"subjects," of children not "remembering much of what they learn under threat of punishment," and so on, she is talking in terms of examination results, and not, as I am, of what one may rather priggishly call character-building. I still affirm that the modern home and the modern school between them do not, in my experience, send their products out into the world of adult life very well equipped for dealing with it. As to that neck-washing, I am afraid your correspondent may think me irrelevant if I reply by defining a word which—once slang—is becoming increasingly necessary in orthodox English: "A crank is an enthusiast without a sense of humour."

With "Headmaster," I am in complete agreement, and congratulate him both on his theory of schooling and on the neat aptness of his verse. W. L. S.

NATIVE RIGHTS IN KENYA

SIR,—Permit me to take this opportunity to bring to the attention of the British public the following facts in regard to the most recent injustice done to the Kenya Natives in connection with the land problem in that colony.

On February 2nd, 1937, in the House of Commons, Mr. Riley asked the Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he had received a petition addressed to him, through the Governor of Kenya, on behalf of the people of Tigoni, in which fear is expressed that their land may be alienated from them under the proposed Order-in-Council; and whether he is prepared to give the Tigoni people an assurance that no such action is contemplated?

In reply Mr. Ormsby-Gore said: "I explained in the House on the 9th July the position in regard to the Natives in question. I have since received a Petition and subsequent reports from the Governor. I am glad to be able to assure the Hon. Member that it has been found possible to arrange to move these Natives to another area which the responsible Elders have accepted as suitable, and which will be added to the Native Reserves. It is anticipated that the move will be completed by the 31st of March."

In all due respect to the Rt. Hon. Minister, his facts are not altogether correct. When the answer of the Secretary of State reached Kenya, the Tigoni people immediately despatched the following cablegram to Mr. Ormsby-Gore.

> Kenya Government forward false report that Tigoni natives have accepted land in exchange. Natives seriously pressed to move. Send special commission to investigate urgently.

This cablegram was followed by a petition, a copy of which I have just received from the Tigoni people requesting me to bring it to the attention of all friends of the Africans in England. The Tigoni are very indignant over the assertion that "responsible Elders agreed to their removal."

What really happened was, the Kenya Government appointed a man named Luka as headman or Elder (see *Official Gazette*, 1.9.36) and then got this man to agree to the removal of the Tigoni people without consulting them.

In support of this statement, I shall quote from the petition addressed to the Secretary of State. In paragraph 8, the people say:

> In general we submit that among us, the Akikuyu, as also among other tribes whether Kikuyu or not, who have a system of private tenure, no one "headsman" can be taken to have any authority, unless such authority has been expressly given, to bind any individual landholder.

I sincerely hope that with these facts before the public, the friends of the colonial peoples in this country will raise their voices on behalf of the Tigoni people and see that they are not removed from their ancestral homes in order to provide land for white settlers.

JOMO KENYATTA,
General Secretary,
Kikuyu Central Association.

95 Cambridge Street,
London, S.W.1.

ARE YOU A JEW?

SIR,—A friend of mine has just told me of a recent experience which, I think, might interest your readers.

Several weeks ago he was summoned for failing to pay for his Road Fund Licence which was three weeks overdue. The summons was delivered at his flat, but as he was away at the time it was not seen by him and he consequently did not attend at Court, whereupon a warrant was issued against him by the provincial police-court which had issued the summons. When he subsequently attended, he was asked by the Clerk of the Court the reason for not complying with the requirements of the summons, and he thereupon explained the circumstances. The Clerk then asked him what his nationality was and on being told that it was British, the official asked, "Are you a Jew?"

My friend said that he was.

He was fined £6, or alternatively one month's imprisonment, although he pointed out that he did not run the car for pleasure, but was a commercial traveller. BERNARD ADLER

88 Manor Road, N.16.

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS

SIR,—The official Anti Air Raid Exhibition which is being held this week in the Duke's Hall, Marylebone Road, N.W.1, affords further evidence of the inadequacy and misleading character of the Government's Air Raid Precautions.

It is clear that protection against air attack can be bought only by the small minority who can afford to pay for it. The vast majority must rely on home-made "gas-proof" rooms and the third quality "Civilian" gas masks.

In *The Protection of the Public from Aerial Attack*, reviewed recently in your columns, the Cambridge Scientists' Anti-War Group have published details of experiments proving that what the Home Office calls a "gas-proof" room is not gas proof.

For properly gas proofing a room to hold ten persons one of the firms exhibiting here charges £150! Is it likely that a reputable commercial firm would go to this expense if the gas proofing could be done at home, as the Air Raid Precautions Handbook No. 1 directs, with a "mush of newspapers and water?"

It is also significant that one can search the various A.R.P. Handbooks in vain for more than a passing reference to high explosive or incendiary bombs. This is puzzling until one realises that it is comparatively easy to dupe people into thinking that a Home Office "gas-proof" room really is gas proof, whereas it is impossible to persuade the most simple-minded person that he can do anything to make his dwelling safe against high explosives or incendiaries. The inescapable conclusion is that the Government is concerned primarily to lull the people into a false sense of security and thus make them more ready to acquiesce in its disastrous foreign policy and war preparations. (This state of mind is known as "good civilian morale," defined by Mr. Joad as "willingness on the part of the citizen to suffer uncomplainingly and die quietly.")

My Council has arranged a leaflet distribution outside the Exhibition and is organising a counter-meeting next week.

I understand that many similar Exhibitions are likely to be held in other districts in the near future, and I suggest that anyone interested in countering them should communicate with the National Peace Council, 39 Victoria Street, S.W.1 (Victoria 9507).

G. E. M. DE STE. CROIX,
St. Marylebone Peace Council.

3 Devonshire Mews North,
Devonshire Street, W.1.

[We called attention last week to the Conference on this subject on April 24th and 25th at the Besant Hall, Gloucester Place, W.1. It is held under the joint auspices of the National Peace Council, the Peace Pledge Union and the U.D.C. The first session commences at 3.0 and speakers include members of the Cambridge Scientists Group.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

AN X-RAY UNIT

SIR,—The recently formed Chelsea Branch of the Spanish Medical Aid Committee has decided to concentrate its immediate efforts on the provision and equipment of an X-ray unit, the need for which has become desperately urgent.

It is not generally realised how meagre and primitive were the local Spanish medical facilities that remained after the desertions and destructive violence of the early days of the upheaval. Any relief of the suffering consequent on the war must, therefore, rely on the provision of equipment from outside.

By means of this X-ray unit, the value of the medical assistance already afforded will be greatly increased and lives and limbs will be saved.

The cost of the unit is approximately £500, and in order to help to raise this sum a public meeting will be held at the Chelsea Town Hall on Thursday, April 29th, at 8.30 p.m., at which the Duchess of Atholl will take the chair. Among the speakers will be Miss Eleanor Rathbone, M.P., the Dean of Chichester and Mr. J. B. S. Haldane. Your readers are invited to attend this meeting, or to send subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Arthur Jaffe, c/o Barclay's Bank, Sloane Square, S.W.3.

B. AIKIN-SNEATH
Hon. Secretary.

6 Hans Crescent,
Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

Miscellany

THE ETERNAL FISHMONGER

WHENEVER I have a day's holiday I like to go fishing. They all laugh at me in the shop for not wanting to forget about fish when I get the chance, but that's only because they don't see the difference. Those things I arrange on slabs every day, and clean the guts out from, and cut up, and tie into paper parcels—they aren't fish. Not in the sense I mean.

I wish I could get out of that shop. It's a torture for me to have to touch their slimy, dull scales; to thrust my bare arms elbow deep into water coloured with the blood and thick with the guts of plaice, sole and mackerel. Sometimes when I have to cut the head off a cod, and clean it, I think I shall go mad. Why can't I be a fisherman trawling great nets full of the lovely, live, flapping tails and fins?

Sometimes a woman asks for eels, and I could nearly kiss her. They aren't dead: we keep them in a tank at the back of the shop, fresh and alive. It's a pleasure to handle them, to catch hold of their wriggling bodies and carry them. I like to lace them round my neck. Often I have to cut their heads off, too. I lie them on brown paper near the sink so that the heads fall straight off into the water and disappear. I don't mind doing that. I don't mind killing them, I only hate them when they're dead. When the heads are off, I chop up the bodies quickly, and hand them over to the customer almost before I realise that I've killed them. Haddocks are all right, too, and kippers and bloaters. They don't even look like fish, so I don't mind dealing with them. The big ones are the worst; great cod and halibut and turbot that I have to slice and weigh.

Oh, why can't I be a fisherman, to go right out from land into the dark sea and know that beneath me they are swimming about in thousands, getting entangled in the meshes of my net? How I should love to watch them being hauled to the surface on a quiet night, with the moon reflected on the sea making a silver path to heaven.

But soon I should forget the moon and the tiny, twinkling stars. Peering over the side of the ship I should notice a faint commotion beneath the surface which would soon glimmer with a thousand streaks of phosphorescence. Then the nets would be hoisted up and emptied into the ship. There would be a pyramid of fish, slowly dying, but still alive, still fish. Before they were dead they would be landed and bundled into crans and baskets and shut from my sight.

Smell my hands. Smell them. It's the stink of corrupted fish flesh. Always in my nostrils day and night. Everything I touch is tainted. Think of it, everything I smell is the corpse of a fish. Put your nose into a barrel of mackerel and I'll put mine into a bunch of roses. What do you smell? Fish? So do I. There is no other smell. It's on my hands, on my face, in my hair, on my body. Drain off my blood and you'll smell fish; scrape the flesh off my bones and they will stink of fish, my breath will remind you of fish.

But it's not the smell of fish, do you hear? That's not the smell of fish at all. Nobody understands. It's the stink of death and corruption. Fish smell of the depths of the sea, fresh, salt and bracing.

When I was young I used to catch tiddlers with a butterfly net and keep them—darting little pieces of life—in a jam-jar in my bedroom. But mother emptied them down the lavatory whenever she found them.

I always hated the shop ever since I can remember. Sometimes mother would take me through it instead of by the side door. Then I would scream and beat her with my fists, and burst into tears. My father I hated, too. He brought the smell of fish into the house. I wouldn't kiss him; it was like being asked to embrace a corpse. Oh, he didn't understand either, and thought I was unnatural and ungrateful! I was sorry for him.

When I went to school the boys called me fishy and said I smelt. And I knew they were right and loathed myself because of it. Why can't I live on the sea, away from this beastliness?

Now my mother is dead and father is old, but I am still a prisoner. How can I escape? Father knows I loathe this life and, because he cannot guess why, he despises me. All day long he sits in the cash desk taking in money: he even has his dinner brought to him there, for he knows that if I could lay my hands on enough money I should escape and leave him. At night he locks it into a safe with a complicated combination I shall never be able to discover. He will not let me be in the room when he locks the safe, for fear I should peer over his shoulder and find how to unlock it.

Sometimes I slip away to the sea and row until the land is a shadow and my blistered hands can no longer hold the oars. Then I bait a hook and drop it into the depths, where it twists and turns as it sinks, with the poor worm wriggling on its barbs.

Pulling in the line I feel the bliss of a sinner who has enticed an angel to visit him by his penitent prayer. When the sputtering captive emerges from the sea I treat him gently, freeing him from the cruel hook, and caressing him with my hands, washing away their contamination with his virtue. I kiss him and beg forgiveness for my daily work. For a little I feel clean and living; it is a sacrament I perform and it revives me. Before the fish dies I return him to the water and watch him with envy as he swims back to the freedom and security of the sea.

Then I row back to land, but long before I have beached the boat my foulness is upon me again and the smell of death. On land there is no absolution.

I know how it will end. I shall take a boat one day and row and row until I reach the horizon. Then I shall let down a line and catch a fish, but he will forgive me. I shall hold him to my bosom and take the cork from the bottom of the boat. I shall sit there, clutching the fish, sinking deeper and deeper in the water as it swirls through the hole. At last the sea will close over my head and the fish will lead me to the impossible paradise and I shall be washed clean of all my taint for ever.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

COVENT GARDEN

THE opera season at Covent Garden opened on Monday this week with a production of *Otello*, which made amends for and obliterated the memory of the production which took place there a few years ago. On the whole the present production does full justice to Verdi's great work, and is in many respects the finest we have had at Covent Garden within my memory. The handling of the crowds—a very important item in this opera—was a great improvement on what we had been accustomed to at Covent Garden, and the stage management generally is more efficient. Excellent use was also made of the improved lighting equipment and of the cyclorama, with the result that the magnificent opening scene was for once adequately represented.

Another asset was the return of Martinelli to Covent Garden in the title role. Although this famous Italian tenor first appeared at Covent Garden in 1912, it is only comparatively recently that he has added Otello to his repertory. In spite of the fact that his voice may not be considered ideal for the part, since it lacks the overwhelming power we might like to hear in Otello, nevertheless he has every other qualification except robustness of voice and physique. His is a nervous, agile Otello but one that is completely convincing and dominating along those lines. When we add to this a voice of beautiful quality, very evenly developed throughout its range, a thoroughly artistic style and fine musical intelligence, it will be realised that it is a long time since we have heard a tenor at Covent Garden of this calibre. The Desdemona of Fernanda Ciana was new to me; her voice seems rather colourless, but it is clear and even and she sings in tune;

her acting is dignified and she has a good presence. In the last act she sang the willow song and the Ave Maria beautifully and, indeed, this final scene which is one of the finest in all modern opera was splendidly performed. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted; he was a trifle unbending as far as the singers were concerned, and might have occasionally moderated the thunders of his orchestra (although not in the opening scene!) with some advantage; but the performance was splendidly vital and tense in rhythm and the cast was a good one all round, with a notable Iago in Cesare Formichi and a good Cassio in Renzo Pigni.

On Tuesday night there was the first performance in England of Paul Dukas' famous opera *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* in French by a company from Paris, conducted by Philippe Gaubert. Owing to an accident to the prima donna the opera was about half an hour late in starting, which was unfortunate in the circumstances; but when Mme. Germaine Lubin made her appearance she soon made amends for the delay by a most satisfying performance in the extremely exacting part of Ariane. She is a magnificent singer and a fine actress.

It is an odd coincidence that three composers whose names begin with the letter D were born round about the same year and had certain characteristics in common. These were: Debussy (1862–1918), Delius (1863–1929) and Dukas (1865–1936). Debussy's opera *Pelléas et Mélisande* was composed between 1892 and 1902; Delius's *Village Romeo and Juliet* between 1900 and 1902, and Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1907. There is a certain affinity between all three works. They are all post-Wagnerian in the sense that each of these composers had freed himself—as, for example, Charpentier had not—from the paralysing influence of Wagner but yet owed something to *Tristan* and to *Parsifal*, using the Wagner methods in a more impressionistic style. In fact if we want a label for these composers "impressionistic" is the word, and it is worth noting that not only were they contemporary with the impressionist movement in painting but also two of them were Frenchmen and the third, Delius, lived almost all his life near Paris.

Actually, Dukas is the least impressionistic of the three; there is very often a visible skeleton in his work which is not completely hidden from view by the iridescent hues of the flesh. He is distinctly less chromatic than Delius and has a firmer grasp of formal design. On the other hand, he is not so original as Debussy and seems to halt half-way between two schools, so that sometimes in *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* we seem to be listening to nothing more than a sort of refined Wagnerianism. *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* may even be described as a sort of spiritualised and etherealised *Parsifal*, and yet somehow Dukas manages to evade becoming a mere imitator. There is a touch of real personality in this music, which, added to great musical craftsmanship, gives a definite flavour to the opera and holds one's interest. Yet the stamp of the period is definitely on it, the nostalgic "nineties" with their faint, dematerialised idealism, and turning away from the voluptuousness of Wagner and Swinburne into the Maeterlinckian half-world in which one is no longer sure of the meaning of anything, since all is seen as through a glass—symbolically.

A composer such as Dukas must be listened to with respect, for he was a superb musician and has that acute sense of tonality and the sensitive feeling for instrumentation which has always been a characteristic of the best French composers. There are splendid moments in *Ariane et Barbe Bleue:* the opening peasants' chorus, the chorus of women's voices in the first act, the second part of the scene in the dungeon in Act II and the final exit of Ariane in the last act, may be mentioned in particular for their individuality and beauty. After Ariane the other parts are of minor interest, but they were well done; the production, however, was no exception to the general failure of handling operas in which there is a large element of fantasy or symbolism. I am convinced that *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* would gain enormously by a more imaginative and original production. The more fantastic and symbolic an opera the more realistically it seems to be produced, and the scenes of the opening of the doors of the six treasuries by Ariane in the first act showed the usual discrepancy between the intention of the librettist and the composer and its realisation on the stage. Admittedly such scenes are the most difficult of all to treat effectively in the theatre, but I am not convinced that they are impossible. Otherwise, this production of *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* is a credit to all concerned, and we have to thank Sir Thomas Beecham for the opportunity of hearing a work of unusual interest. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A New Degas at the National Gallery

The new Degas at the National Gallery is a most sensational purchase. Corporate decisions in matters of taste are usually very cautious, not to say dull, and result from a compromise. But the Trustees have shown extraordinary acumen and courage in buying this picture. It is a masterpiece which takes its place serenely in the best possible company. Indeed we should like to see it hanging between a late Titian and a late Rembrandt, for in their latest (and best) period of these two masters, their preoccupations were not unlike those of the old Degas. The range of colours used here is extremely narrow, there are places untouched by paint, the facts about the model are stated with a singular economy. Degas was one of the most scientific and accomplished draughtsmen the world has known, and we doubt if there is a picture in the Gallery more beautifully drawn. The design is magnificent and simple, one long phrase running diagonally across the canvas, as it were towards the North-East. The picture proves once more that nobility depends entirely on treatment, for the subject is a middle-aged woman having her hair brushed, and there is no muse or martyr in the Gallery which carries us farther into the ideal world of "ordre et beauté, luxe, calme et volupté." The certainty with which this canvas has been painted makes it stand out surprisingly even among the other splendid French pictures in the same room. But Mr. Samuel Courtauld's *La Loge* demands very close study, for it shows Renoir on the top of his form—a rich and prodigiously accomplished painting. Also on loan there are beautiful Cézannes, and a few rooms away a ravishing little *Judgment of Paris* from the studio of Domenico Veneziano. After walking round the Gallery, admiring the new arrangement of the domed room, and wondering once more how anyone with eyes in his head could prefer Velasquez dirty to Velasquez clean, we returned for a last look at the Degas, and its vermilion and red and orange pursued us into Trafalgar Square, and along the streets to where the Office of Works has perpetrated a colour-scheme in bunting, red, blue and yellow, which has to be seen to be believed.

Keith Baynes at Agnews, and Gabriel White at the Mayor Gallery

Mr. Keith Baynes likes yachts and harbours, cliffs, flowers and the circus. And at Agnews he presents at once the advantages and disadvantages of cheap and comfortable travel for artists. From Spain he darts to the Norfolk Broads, from Salcombe he flits to Provence, and sometimes he does not get as it were to the bottom of his subjects. Only his technique is constant. So it is particularly fortunate that Mr. Baynes has found in gouache a medium that suits him admirably. He is able to produce his very individual brushwork, the curious juxtapositions of black and flat dry patches of light colour and at the same time to be more fluid than he has been in his oil paintings. This is an exhibition of charming units, not one of which fails to be interesting. Mr. Gabriel White has painted a series of scenes at the pre-conflagration Crystal Palace. Though he has rarely exhibited paintings in public, Mr. White is an accomplished and mature artist. He is heir to the impressionism of Sisley and Pissarro, but bolder, bigger and brighter than they. His colour is lovely but kaleidoscopic; his handling is vigorous. If Mr. White, whom even this small exhibition shows to be one of our most talented artists, has a fault it is a tendency to crudeness. But it is the happy healthy crudeness of Pollock's coloured prints to which he tends. His water colours, which recall Segonzac are more restrained. At these two exhibitions one forgets the existence of

the Surrealist, Fascism and all sorts of other unpleasant things, and can almost imagine that the Crystal Palace is still sailing through the upper air of Sydenham.

"And on We Go," at the Savoy

This revue is rather more elegant than most. The scenery and clothes are more neat than gaudy, the music is more savoury than cloying, and the chorus dances are arranged with taste and some originality. The sketches are as rudimentary as ever in their wit, except for two brilliant parodies of golf and cricket, devised and most nicely performed by Mr. Charles Heslop. Miss June Knight is the star, but somehow her songs did not percolate very successfully. Perhaps she had not the material she requires. She danced well, for a singer; and sang well, for a dancer. But we never could catch on to her personality, and Miss Marie Lohr stole the show. It was her debut in revue, and every movement of her feet, when she danced, showed style and knowledge. Her appearance charmed, and altogether she infected us with her own good humour. The truth is that the standard of technique is incomparably higher on the "straight" stage than in musical shows. And anyone who acted with Sir Herbert Tree (how vividly and old-codgerishly we remember Miss Lohr's Lady Teazle in 1909) could walk into almost any revue and show our song-and-dance stars how to shine. Mr. David Hutcheson is neat on his feet, and does Bertie Wooster stuff very prettily. A pleasant show which does not go on too long.

Aristophanes' "Peace," Royal College of Art Theatre Group

The charming production in lighting, scenery and direction of this students' group reflects great credit on the enterprise of the College of Art. The boisterous spirit of Aristophanes can be well caught by the enthusiasm of this sort of amateur acting and both Trygaeus and Hermes were admirable conceptions, particularly the latter; while nothing but praise can be accorded to the perspicacious eye of the producer, who found for the goddess of war a lady whose frame was puissant enough to bear all the strife of the world upon her thews. The three goddesses who came up the well were of more uneven worth, but Harvest Home had at least the merit of a good figure, and in her Schiaparelli basket-hat added a touch of frivolity to her horn of plenty. It seems impossible for anyone to add music to Greek plays without making it dreary, and the incidental strains proved no exception to the rule. But though the player's necks lacked the make-up their faces were encrusted with, and so had a curiously pallid appearance, the zest with which the whole thing was carried through made a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

The Film Society

On Sunday afternoon the Film Society showed its members and their guests *La Vie est à Nous*, a propaganda film sent out by the French Communist Party. The conclusion of the programme saw one member (or guest) standing as rigidly as possible in the Nazi salute, and more than one professional critic frankly bored by the display of rhetoric, irony and human appeal to which he had been subjected. But spectators less fanatically phlegmatic reacted very differently. The appearances of Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini caused some quite un-British booing, which turned to cheers when the first barked like a dog and the second emitted nothing but machine-gun noises. Presumably such derision, directed at the heads of friendly States, will prevent the showing of this film to the public in this country. It is a great shame that such delicacies of feeling should keep *La Vie est à Nous* mum and immobile. For besides its shrewd attack on Fascism, on the financial oligarchy—the 200 Families—of France, and on a system of distribution that allows people to be hungry while the French wealth is sent or thrown away, it contains a day-dream more delightful than anything Hollywood has to offer. It is the dream that the poor and the oppressed can cease to impoverish and oppress one another and can unite against a common enemy. The propaganda, as the Film Society programme suggested, is "sometimes sentimental and sometimes sardonic"; it is there all the time but it never becomes boring. The film is admirably directed, cut and photographed on what are now the established lines for Communist films, but with a very French touch. The acting is first rate—humorous and moving. Since it is to some extent a record of French Left-wing achievements in the fight against Fascism and war, it has, one might imagine, as much right to a public showing as such a bellicose fantasy as *Our Fighting Navy* (now visible at the Plaza). But peace, butter and a chance of a reasonable existence can hardly hope to rival flag lieutenants at the box office.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 23rd—
- Auction of Unsold Exhibits by Barnet Freedman at A.I.A. Handcraft. Exhibition for Spanish Relief, 32A George St., W.1, 9.
- London Scots Self-Government Committee Supper. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Tom Johnston, George Mathers, Col. Campbell Galbraith, White Heather Restaurant, Strand, 7.30.

SATURDAY, April 24th—
- National Consultative Conference on 'Air Raid Precautions and Civilian Defence": National Peace Council, Peace Pledge Union and U.D.C., Besant Hall, Gloucester Place, W, 1, 3 and 8. Also April 25th at 11, and at 3 Demonstration in Trafalgar Sq.

SUNDAY, April 25th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "The New Problem of Loyalty," Conway Hall, 11.
- Concert in Aid of Homeless Women and Children of Spain. Paul Robeson, Sybil Crawley, Mischa de la Motte, the Blech Quartette, and others. Victoria Palace, 8.
- Stephen Spender on "The Spanish War and the Spanish Poet Lorca," 9 Gt. Newport Street, 8.30.

MONDAY, April 26th—
- Lester Hutchinson on "Condition of the Indian People," Large Memorial Hall, 8.

TUESDAY, April 27th—
- Rev. Henry Carter on "The League Without Military Sanctions." Pinoli's, 1.
- Dr. Amiya Chakravarty on "India and Britain," Friends House, 1.20.
- "The Wedding Bouquet," ballet with voices, Sadler's Wells.

THURSDAY, April 29th—
- Lady E. D. Simon on "The Administration of Education in the U.S.S.R.," Royal Society of Arts, 8.15.
- "The Grand Duchess," Daly's.

FRIDAY, April 30th—
- Lord Cecil, Dean of St. Paul's, M. Pierre Cot, M. Hambro and others on "Europe's Rally to the League and the International Peace Campaign," Royal Albert Hall, 8. Tickets 1s. to 10s. 6d. from 15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

HAVE YOU TRIED
RE-FORMED
SHELL

All Shell is now made by the 're-forming' process which rearranges the molecular structure of the petrol. The result is even smoother running, better pick-up, and an absence of 'pinking'.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

On London Bridge, or by the Round Pond, the gulls will come tearing round in a left-hand circuit that dips as they take bread from the man with the paper bag. Each bird has a chance to snatch and then hurries round to fly down the queue again, so that in spite of their jealous cries and fluttering wings they are an orderly crowd of beggars. The species is the " black-headed " gull, which only puts on a chocolate-brown hood in the breeding season ; he has a permanganate of potash coloured bill and feet. I have been told that these gulls never came into London until a severe winter forty or fifty years ago, when there was ice floating down the Thames. I do not know whether this be true, but the gulls have certainly increased enormously in my lifetime and can be seen far inland in most parts of England.

* * *

One reads in the older natural history books of gulls following the plough near the sea coast, as though it were a rarity. They are common now in winter all over the Midlands, and many of them breed in the centre of England, so that there may be some that only visit the seaside for a month or so during the late summer and autumn. The black-headed gull seems to be becoming an inland bird ; it is a bird I do not much like, as it sucks eggs and kills unprotected nestlings—and there are enough jays, magpies and jackdaws, without having gulls. It is useful because it also eats worms and leather-jackets, but it is no more useful than the rook. Black-headed gulls come to breed on the tarns high up on the Yorkshire moors. Last year I visited two of these tarns when the young birds were hatching out. As I walked round the gulls rose in a stormcloud of protest. Again and again birds would dash within an inch or two of my cap, uttering frenzied, jabbering cries of kwarkwar, kwar, kwarr ! The nests were built on clumps of rushes in the mud round the tarn or on the turf beside it, very squalid, dirty, busy, like the filthiest of foreign slums ; rather shocking since the clean moorland was all round. I saw many nests with eggs ; many broken eggs and eggshells, lots of chicks, and one chick actually struggling out of the egg. When I had passed the nesting ground the noise subsided very soon. By the far edge of the tarn I found a dead gull, rolled it over on the pebbles with my stick, looked at the hood, the beak, the feet. I did not realise that my walk round the tarn had almost certainly produced a massacre of the innocents.

* * *

There is a black-headed gull sitting on the nest shown on the jacket of *Bird Behaviour*, by F. B. Kirkman (Nelson, 7*s.* 6*d.*), a book which records the results of a detailed study of this species only. Mr. Kirkman has been living at close quarters with black-headed gulls during their breeding season for thirty years, observing them from a tiny tent which he pitches within a few feet of several nests in a great gullery—a vast city compared with which my mountain tarn is like an Alpine village. To-day, April 18th, I visited the tarn again, nest-building had started but there were no eggs. The nests are disposed in groups often no more than 18 inches apart, but a spirit of noisy hostility prevails. Members of the same group of neighbours barely tolerate each other's unavoidable propinquity. Naturally the intrusion of an outsider is fiercely resented. Such trespassings are continual. Serious fights are rare, as the intruder gives way before the screams and pecks with which he is greeted. After the eggs are laid, the hen, and later the chicks, become dependent on the male for food which he gathers and regurgitates :

> A male, without the least encouragement from the hen, disgorged on to the grass a singular object I was unable to identify. It was not unlike a piece of bacon-rind and fat, about a quarter of an inch broad and two inches long, the rind black and the rest white. The hen was quite indifferent, whereupon the male swallowed the object, only to bring it up again for exhibition ; he spread it out on the grass with much the air of a waiter uncovering a masterpiece of the culinary art. The hen continued indifferent, whereupon the thing was again swallowed, and I was privileged to see it no more.

Besides gathering the food, the cock appears to do his share of incubating the eggs. Should they both leave the nest, the eggs are usually attacked and sucked by marauders, though not by immediate neighbours. Chicks in the nest are moderately safe, though sometimes carried off and eaten by rogue-gulls. If the chick, however, leaves the nest, which it does in response to its parents' shrieks during a general alarm, it has a poor chance of survival. A nestling out of the nest is pecked by every gull within reach ; such pecking is usually fatal. Gulls suck their own eggs which have been perforated and they will accept and brood over the most grotesque objects : golf balls, china eggs, small tobacco tins. But such acceptance does not mean that they cannot distinguish between a golf ball and an egg.

* * *

If an egg rolls out of the nest, the parent will try to roll and pull it back ; if it is within a certain definite distance. Mr. Kirkman found some gulls would continue to roll eggs into the nest as fast as he put them there—until the clutch was far too big for the bird to incubate. But a gull will never roll golf balls or tobacco boxes into the nest (though Mr. Kirkman does not seem to have tried this). It is therefore clear that it does distinguish between them. The gull continues to add to its nest throughout the breeding season, usually snatching materials from other birds' nests serves to employ it when it feels broody and cannot induce its mate to leave the nest. Mr. Kirkman sees no useful purpose in such overbuilt nests—but on the edges of mountain tarns where the water-level is liable to rise suddenly, they would be less liable to flooding. Mr. Kirkman made interesting experiments by moving the eggs of a nest and the nest materials to 18 inches from the original site and from each other. Different birds replied to this problem in different ways, according to whether the " pull " of eggs, nest-lining, or site were the strongest. Twelve birds of twenty simply built a new nest round the eggs. One bird rolled the eggs to the linings and two rolled the eggs to the site. Five birds failed to deal with the problem. Mr. Kirkman is careful to avoid teleological explanations, but such instinctive reactions as pecking chicks outside the nest are probably useful ; they revolt human beings because our useful instincts are to help the stray child. But conduct which I should condone in such beautiful birds as the curlew, the snipe, and the golden plover, I use, quite unreasonably, as an argument to disparage the raucous, squalid gull. Let it scream round the Round Pond and the sea coast.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Literary Supplement

●

Next week's Literary Supplement to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include an article by Stephen Spender, a story by James Hanley, a poem by C. Day Lewis, and a review by Bertrand Russell of Léon Blum's *Marriage*. There will also be reviews by Kingsley Martin, Gerald Heard, Cyril Connolly, Robert Byron, Flora Grierson, Roger Fulford, Edward Sackville West, Peter Quennell, V. S. Pritchett, G. D. H. Cole, Kenneth Bell, W. M. Macmillan and others.

All Just Ready

THE CONDITION OF BRITAIN

BY G. D. H. & M. I. COLE, 7/6 (*Left Book Club members*, 3/6)

"An encyclopædia about things that really matter—about how & where the people of Britain live, what they get to eat & why . . . They have collected into one volume all that is vital in the researches of a hundred odd post-war writers . . . One of the main sources for speakers from labour platforms for many years to come"—DAILY HERALD

"An encyclopædia in miniature. It tells the reader everything of any significance that is to be known about economic & social conditions in Britain. I have been trying to think of any aspect not covered & cannot find one. Every writer, speaker, municipal candidate, parliamentary candidate must have this book"—FENNER BROCKWAY (TRIBUNE)

"Brilliant survey of economic facts about the living conditions of the people"—M. GUARDIAN

MAN'S WORLDLY GOODS

BY LEO HUBERMAN, 10/6 (*Left Book Club members*, 2/6)

"Mr. Huberman has achieved an authentic miracle. He has traced the development of economic thought in the framework of economic history, & he has done it simply, clearly, & fluidly. His book is a brilliant piece of work & blazes new paths in historical synthesis & the art of exposition. It is at once clear writing & sound scholarship, & a reading of it should serve to orient anyone in the muddle that we call the contemporary world"—THE NATION (NEW YORK)

"A brilliant book. Economic history in popular terms"—STAR

"Near perfect. He traces with a masterly sweep the economic evolution of Europe from the middle feudal period to 1936. A splendid performance"—DR. C. A. SMITH (NEW LEADER)

"One of the best economic & social histories ever published. A popular study, written with such vigour & clearness that it can be read & enjoyed with the greatest ease"—WILLIAM PAUL (DAILY WORKER)

"His aim has been to tell the story in such a way as to make it come alive for ordinary readers. He has succeeded"—J. F. HORRABIN (REYNOLDS NEWS)

THE ROAD TO WAR

BEING AN ANALYSIS OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT'S FOREIGN POLICY

3/6 (*To Left Book Club subscribers of "Topical" books*, 1/6)

This is by a group of writers overlapping, but not identical with, "VIGILANTES," author of the famous *Inquest on Peace*.

After summarising the position as it was when that book was written, they bring the story right up to the minute. With a Preface by C. R. Attlee, M.P.

GOLLANCZ, 14 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

ROYALTY AND LOYALTY

The Magic of Monarchy. By KINGSLEY MARTIN. *Nelson.* 2s. 6d.

In the course of an inattentive but lengthening life I have sometimes noticed royalty and once been noticed by it. As a little boy I sat on a wall at Hatfield and was told by a policeman to hang my legs inside in case Queen Victoria saw them as she drove to call on Lord Salisbury. (They have remained hanging inside until recently, so to speak.) Then I saw the Queen's Jubilee, Diamond Jubilee, and funeral, the marriage of King George V ("George and Mary, a penny the pair," the hawkers shouted), his Coronation, his Silver Jubilee. And once I was spoken to by King Edward VIII. That has been royalty's only response. The war had just started, and I flung myself into an organisation called the Prince of Wales' Fund, not knowing how to be helpful. We were accommodated in St. James's Palace, and one morning, as we were addressing envelopes, a thin, nervous boy in khaki slipped into the room. All rose to their feet. The Prince made a bee-line for me and asked me what I was doing. I could not think, but my silence did the fund no disservice, for responsible officials hurried forward and shovelled me behind them while they told him. Over twenty years have passed, but I am still proud to have had that experience, and to have been questioned by him without boring him with an answer. Not many of his subjects can boast so much. I heard his voice once more, on the occasion of his abdication. What an attractive voice! Not the least governing-classy; the voice of a person whom one might have known. "At long last," it said. And at long last it is possible to write sensibly on the subject of royalty, to hang one's legs on the outside of the wall, and it is to Edward VIII that we owe our freedom.

This point, among others, is well brought out by Mr. Kingsley Martin in his little book. He analyses the spell which has been cast over the British by their monarchy, he examines its growth for the last hundred years and the temporary check it received from the republicanism of Dilke and Joseph Chamberlain. He shows how it snapped suddenly last December, and he doubts whether it will be refashioned in time for the Coronation of George VI, despite the frantic efforts of the wireless and the press. He believes in the monarchy as a symbol, a figure-head, and a factor in the constitution; he does not believe in it as a fetish, a mystic power or a rain-chaser (he is admirable over the "Royal weather" nonsense), and he thinks that if we get silly and soft about it again we may do it and ourselves much harm. A book such as his could not have been published last year. It would have been howled down as disloyal, but in the healthier atmosphere of to-day it seems quiet and moderate enough, it is phrased inoffensively, and even those who disagree with it ought to be able to read it without losing their tempers. Its defect is a lack of proportion. Too much space is given to constitutional struggles between Queen Victoria and her ministers, too little to the growth of magic in subsequent reigns, and too much to the recent vibrations and vagaries of Fleet Street. Otherwise, it is good. I shall send a copy of it to an Indian friend who wrote to me the other day: "I have received various letters from sahibs about your crisis, and perhaps I am at last beginning to understand why they are upset." He should understand better still when he has read *The Magic of Monarchy*, and realised that a constitutional king can, under certain circumstances, cause much more rumpus than a despot.

In that life of mine there are some tiny signposts, which I ignored at the time. Mr. Max Beerbohm is one of them. Max has always been handicapped, because he is a civilised and rational being, born out of due season. Still he has been allowed to caricature Queen Victoria and even to show George V inspecting an infant school: "pleasures of the simpler reign." But when, in the 'twenties, he showed some fantasies on Edward VIII, the magic had brewed too strong for them to be tolerated. There were violent protests, so he withdrew the drawings, not because he thought them wrong, but because he found they gave pain. Another signpost is a leading article which appeared in the *Times* on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester. This was the *ne plus ultra* of flunkeyism, and we are unlikely ever to read its like again. It maintained a pompous and almost supernatural jollity. It presented the Duke not as a spiritual or political force, but as something equally sublime: an Englishman who proposed to spend his honeymoon hunting: and it lent to Jorrocks the fervency of St. Paul. And there have been other signposts—pointing in the opposite direction, and suggesting that loyal imbecility might have its limits, even in England. For instance the inhabitants of Wimbledon declined to rename a road Marina Avenue, although it was the height of that particular boom; and Eastbourne refused to adopt the style of Eastbourne Regis, although George V had stayed there for quite a few weeks.

Then came the crash, and people are still wondering how royalty has come through it. Surely royalty has come through it very well: it is the general public who figures so badly. The retreat of Edward VIII was dignified and human, and such references to him as have been made by George VI show decency and affection. But the general public! It has displayed neither tenderness nor gratitude to its recent idol—only the irritability of a shareholder who finds he has to change his investments. From the point of view of private ethics, "loyalty" appears to be a most mean and ignoble emotion, useful as a political cement, but devoid of true faithfulness or sensibility. Here, as elsewhere, the abdication has thrown light, and Mr. Kingsley Martin's comments elucidate.

E. M. FORSTER

Drat those brats!

Subdue them with Monica Redlich's new story *Jam Tomorrow*, guaranteed to reduce the most obstreperous family to enthralled silence. This is not the usual over-romantic fantasia for nit-wits, but a 1937 tale of daily life (orgies at Woolworth's, having a Bishop suddenly to tea, etc.) that every one from Grandma downwards will find entertaining, especially when read aloud. (Junior Book Club April choice.)

For boys—*Malay Adventure* by J. S. Phillips, or *John—Film Star*, a boy actor's adventures in a French film studio, by Evelyn Eaton. Both these writers know the scenes they describe.

Each 5s. net—because they are worth it, and because with so many good illustrations they cannot possibly be done for less. On view at most bookshops.

NELSON

35 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.4

"WHERE GRATEFUL SCIENCE . . ."

Changing Eton. By L. S. R. BYRNE and E. L. CHURCHILL. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

This is not nearly such a parochial book as the title implies. It is in reality an analysis of the principal changes, educational and economic, that have been made in the administration of a great school since the middle of the last century, and, as such, applies to all schools. All schoolboys ought to read it. The attitude of the authors is enlightened and liberal except on one or two points. At least perhaps it is more enlightened than liberal, for there is a strong preference for things past which emerges from time to time but which never obscures the lucid presentation of the facts. I have never read a book about a school which handled the subject so impersonally, sweeping comprehensively from relations between governing body and headmaster, headmaster and housemaster, housemaster and form-master to questions of boy's breakfasts or the efficacy of plantain-picking as a punishment.

The great point the authors make (I begin to see now that their

Testimonial!

'I used to catch one cold after another; but ever since I started smoking Greys I've had just the one cold.'

No — you can't see the original of this testimonial, because it was accidentally used to light our last cigarette. So we will merely ask you to believe that Greys are very good cigarettes — a point which you can easily test for yourself.

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES
Ten for sixpence

Footnote. — Twenty ordinary cigarettes a day, says a doctor, can do a smoker no harm. The trouble is that, judging by what one reads, there is hardly such a thing as an ordinary cigarette . . . except Greys.

ISSUED BY THE UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. LTD., ASSOCIATE OF GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD

liberalism in reality only extends to financial and administrative reforms and not at all to psychology or education—but their ease and reasonableness is deceiving)—is that the present diversity of subjects taught has done more harm than good. Their argument is that while it enables the few to discover their talents and apply them at an earlier age, this happens generally anyhow. Shelley or Swinburne or Bridges would not have benefited greatly by reading English literature instead of learning Greek, and the majority of boys, whose education is the real problem, do not get proportionate advantages.

> No education is worth having that does not teach the lesson of concentration on a task required, however unattractive. It should be remembered that the ultimate test of a properly trained intelligence is its capacity to apply itself at will to whatever work confronts it and to persevere with that work till it is done. These lessons, if not learnt early, will be learnt, if at all, with pain and grief in later life.
>
> It is therefore not greatly to be wondered at if education in this country is at present in no very high repute. . . . We have escaped from one form of tyranny only to be threatened with another, and that a worse one. The classics were at any rate both linguistic and literary, and therefore fulfilled to a large extent the requirements of true education. Science and mathematics are neither. For purely utilitarian reasons a modicum of arithmetic is an essential part of the equipment required to enable a boy to face the world. But algebra and theoretical geometry are of no more use to the vast majority than Latin and Greek, and they do not provide nearly so good a preliminary training. Science, except for a working knowledge of its practical results, is of little greater value to those who have no special aptitude for it. . . . The point that has to be emphasised again and again, and on which it is impossible to dwell too strongly, is that boys of only moderate intelligence cannot tackle with success more than two, or at most three, main subjects. . . . The main subjects should be approached as something that is to develop habits of thoroughness and accuracy that will last a lifetime ; the minor subjects as something that will enable the learner to take an intelligent interest in the world around him. The former should teach him how to work himself ; the latter how to appreciate the work of others.

I suppose everybody has their own theory of education and their own bogys in it. My own horror is the competitive examination, which seems to me to bring out the worst in everybody connected with it, to give a false standard of ability, and to teach people only how to learn quickly and forget quickly. If the civil services and university degrees could be conferred in some other way (by a comparison of the best work done by the candidates and the reports of their teachers over a long period) the system would slowly topple backward and only a few qualifying examinations, like responsions and the common entrance, remain. Boys would find they were bored if they didn't work and work would become fashionable. The enormous difficulty of learning anything at Eton, for the average boy, was that it was not possible to become popular that way. Changes in the curriculum will not remedy this, only changes in the school's psychology by which distinctions between work and play, high-brow and low-brow, disappear, and it is no longer more disgrace to be a scholar than a dunce. By the time boys go to a public school it should be possible to know if they have any mathematical or scientific aptitude. Those who have not should learn Latin, History and French (the scientists history and one of the others), later on those who enjoyed Latin would add Greek, those who enjoyed French, German or Russian or Spanish. But these subjects would be really taught. Latin would be a living language, history would include cultural, literary, economic, constitutional, geographical, architectural and all forms of it, visits to France would be compulsory. Divinity would disappear, art and literature would not be taught as such, for such teaching almost invariably makes the learner stale or run dry too early. They would remain legitimate and delectable excuses for escaping the playing-field. Games would not be played against other schools nor between houses, but, since all the school learnt history, by teams who represented the ideas they were learning, Whigs and Tories, Marxists and Fascists, Cavaliers and Roundheads, Classics and Romantics, the boys would govern themselves like a Greek City State. They would not be worse equipped for earning their own living than at present, but happier. Much of this would not be acceptable to Mr. Byrne and Mr. Churchill, who approve of fagging and the Cadet Corps and consider that " no satisfactory substitute has been found for the use of the rod." They also ignore the sex problem, which must dominate any theory of education. Yet on every page they recognise and pay tribute to the liberalism and liberality which make Eton on the whole the happiest of public schools. The masters are well paid and consequently well chosen, the separate rooms of all the boys allow them a certain dignity as well as a freedom from bullying, the enormous leisure permits the acquirement of knowledge through indiscriminate reading and conversation, the absence of Rugby football makes games-playing non-competitive during the Easter term, and the boys, who elect their own house prefects and school prefects, emerge with a vitality and sometimes with a tolerance, that is not so usual in those from other schools. But all the same, something is wrong. Though I think with affection of the masters who taught me in my later years, Mr. Headlam or Mr. Marten, even to see the names Byrne and Churchill on a book gives me a slight shudder of fear. For the first two years of a sensitive boy at a large public school are passed in terror, terror of the mechanism of justice, of the power wielded by master and boy which renders the life of the small and obscure about as happy as a rat's or a rabbit's. There was " passing " the official swimming test in the bathing pool, where many of one's friends went gurgling under water like drowned kittens till Mr. Byrne had them fished out. There was fagging (a series of dreary chores notable for the complete interference with one's spare time which taking notes from one end of Eton to the other or going shopping in Windsor entailed), the perpetual running of errands which always sooner or later meant a beating for doing something wrong, and the hideous procedure of the beating itself. At prayers one would notice the eyes of a member of sixth form upon one. They had supper afterwards in a separate room from whence a special fag was despatched to find us. " Connolly, you're wanted." If not in one's room the cry was taken up along the passages or one was dragged away from one's more fortunate acquaintances or fetched, shrinking, from the lavatory. If one couldn't be found it was all gone through again the next night, with a day of anticipation in between. The fag could usually tell you if there was a beating by whether the chair was in the middle of the room, you could not often tell yourself as you could be beaten for " generality," " being generally lazy or uppish," or because somebody else hadn't owned up to something. Being " wanted " and the fear of being " wanted " made nearly every evening a misery to me till I was sixteen. School prefects could also fag us and beat us, and there were boys (Sir Oswald Mosley's brother was one) who simply disliked my appearance and would

Ready on Monday

SPAIN OVER BRITAIN

A STUDY OF THE STRATEGICAL EFFECTS OF ITALIAN INTERVENTION ON THE DEFENCES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

HENRY BLYTHE

Capt. J. B. Macnamara, M.P., says:
"This cold-blooded analysis of the military situation as it affects the British Empire—for once written from a strategical point of view—is worth study by all who believe we have something in our Empire worth preserving and cherishing."

Illustrated by 2 maps and
letters, photographs, documents, etc., taken from captured Italian soldiers in Spain.

1/- *net*

ROUTLEDGE

The NORTH of IRELAND —so pleasantly unexpected

The exhilarating ride along the famous Antrim Coast Road—with its everchanging scenes of sea and cliff and mountain—is one of the most wonderful thrills you can experience.

But wait! This is not the full story of the beauties of the North of Ireland. You must see the Glens of Antrim, the mountains of Mourne and the Highlands of Donegal . . . The North of Ireland is so varied in its scenery, so pleasantly unexpected, so altogether delightful that you'll be impatient to sample all the wonderful and very inexpensive circular tours available.

There are plenty of go-ahead seaside resorts at which to stay and the Golf and Fishing are renowned far beyond the borders of Ireland.

The North of Ireland is easily and comfortably reached. There are five fast sea routes by L M S: Heysham-Belfast, Stranraer-Larne, Liverpool-Belfast, (B.S.S), Holyhead-Kingstown, Liverpool-Dublin (B & I.), and then you have a comfortable and efficient service of trains on the LMS (N.C.C.), G.N.R. (I), and County Donegal Railways.

Get a copy of the Illustrated Folder "Ireland for the Holidays" (free), and write to Traffic Manager, G. N. R. (Ireland), Belfast, or Manager, L M S-N C C Railway, York Road, Belfast, for comprehensive guide to resorts and hotels and booklet of Northern Ireland Tours.

MONTHLY RETURN TICKETS AND HOLIDAY RETURN TICKETS

TOURIST TICKETS available for three months issued May to October. Ask for full details at any L M S Station or Enquiry Office.

Stay at Hotels of Distinction

L M S HOTELS	Portrush	*Northern Counties*	G.N.R.(I) HOTELS	Bundoran	*Great Northern*
	Belfast	*Midland*		Rostrevor	*Great Northern*
	Larne	*Laharna (Tourist)*		Greenore	*North Western*

Go by L M S

LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY
& GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND)

HAROLD NICOLSON

C. DAY LEWIS (*Book Society News*): "It is all good talk—urbane, witty, paradoxical, with a delicate dry bouquet of its own. Mr. Nicolson has that easy erudition, which is now almost as extinct as Mr. Benson's *Dodo*. . . . This book, like a good dry sherry, can be sipped before, during, or after meals."

"Small Talk" *6/- net*

★ ★ ★

THE MAN WELLINGTON: *Through the Eyes of Those Who Knew Him* *18/- net*
by his great grandniece, MURIEL WELLESLEY

ALLAH DETHRONED: *A Journey Through Modern Turkey*
by LILO LINKE *Illustrated* *15/- net*

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (*Morning Post*): "A very pleasant, instructive and unusual book of travel."

ICY HELL: *Experiences of a Cameraman*
by WILL E. HUDSON *Illustrated* *10/6 net*

Country Life: "There are many fine moments in the story, and the last part of the book is a record of endurance as fine as one could wish to read. A modern adventure story of the best sort."

LOUIS XVI & MARIE ANTOINETTE
During the Revolution *18/- net*
by NESTA H. WEBSTER *Illustrated*

Also "LOUIS XVI & MARIE ANTOINETTE: Before the Revolution"

New Novels

THESE FOOLISH THINGS
by MICHAEL SADLEIR *7/6 net*

A TROJAN ENDING
by LAURA RIDING *8/6 net*

Times Literary Supplement: "To those who know the book will be a rich dream and a delight."

OLIVE E.
by C. H. B. KITCHIN *7/6 net*

and

INVASION '14

van der MEERSCH'S great story of the German occupation

CHARLES MARRIOTT (*Manchester Guardian*): "With patient and sensitive thoroughness and without any slackening of interest this novel describes the tangle behind the German lines. . . . It is worth all the attention that can be given to it."

Translated by GERARD HOPKINS *8/6 net*

Constable

wait about to kick me when I went by. There was quite a lot of bullying in my year and one was visited by a kind of gestapo with bat-handles, siphons, etc., for such crimes as "trying to be funny." If one did badly at work one was given a ticket, as well as a punishment, to be signed by one's housemaster; this meant more fear, especially if one got another ticket from someone else at the same time. Many boys forged their tutor's initials rather than have to confess a second, or even a first offence. Several tickets meant a yellow ticket and a summons "is Connolly K.S. in this division? He's to go to the Headmaster at a quarter to twelve." The fear behind this was of a "swiping" which meant real physical pain and lasting disgrace. Three of my election of twelve boys received them. The result of all this is that, though I was enormously happy during my last two years, I can't hear of anyone wanting to see me about anything without a prolonged sinking feeling and nervous dread. And, as I say, I think of Mr. Byrne and Mr. Churchill as ogres, and find it hard to believe that they are actually the authors of this lucid and reasonable book—but they think of boys as high-spirited puppies or else as school certificate fodder, moved up in blocks of a hundred at a time and among whom a few stand out as athletes, scholars, charmers or grave executives. But they should go in for psychology and plan a system by which they would not symbolise for me something philistine, powerful and hostile, as I vainly tried, a serf in the dark ages, to snatch a fearful joy. CYRIL CONNOLLY

NEW NOVELS

King John of Jingalo. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Shadow Over Spennylam. By F. W. LISTER. *Muller.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Scent of Water. By SUSAN BUCHAN. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

All Hands! By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Loves of Goya. By MARION CHAPMAN. *Herbert Jenkins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Laurence Housman's "Study of a Monarch in Difficulties" was first published in 1912, and it is not surprising that Messrs. Cape should have thought the present a suitable time for its reissue. A new preface reveals the author's pardonable glee at the accuracy of his conception of the private worries of constitutional monarchy. "Here is a King with a conscience, who, for the sake of that conscience, executes a deed of Abdication; and here is an heir to the throne whose Left-wing tendencies in matters social and political give great uneasiness to Ministers whose tendencies are in a totally contrary direction; and here is an Archbishop who, though he would have turned a blind eye had the Prince kept a mistress in private, utters words of strong moral reprobation over a proposal of marriage which is deemed to be politically inexpedient, and does actually, to the best of his archiepiscopal ability, forbid the banns." Yes, it is a remarkable parallel, for which Mr. Housman claims no particular powers of divination, but merely "an intelligent appreciation of the way in which the wheels within wheels of State affairs are able to go round without the public knowing anything whatever about them."

Although Jingalo is supposed to be a continental power tending to model itself on England, we are soon aware that, to all intents and purposes, Jingalo *is* England. Their constitutions are similar; and in one passage the author, recalling King John's formidable grandmother "the old Queen Regent," mentions a certain bishop's tea-party which was later to make one of the gayest scenes in his *Victoria Regina*. But the individual members of the Royal House of Ganz-Wurst are not in general modelled on those of the House of Hanover. King John is a rather worried, good-natured man whose real character has never had a chance to show itself: "a sort of traditional character had been slowly squeezed into him in order to fit him for that conventional acceptance of a variety of ancient institutions . . . which, by a certain official and ruling class of monetarily interested persons, was considered to be the correct constitutional attitude." In drawing his son Max, Mr. Housman has allowed himself to speculate as to what would happen in these days if a Royal House should throw up, by accident, a really first-rate intelligence. History, of course, provides instances from the past; but there was scope in autocracy for an originality of mind which would prove highly inconvenient now that monarchy has become a sort of decoy to preserve "the general smugness of things." Max, a Republican at work on a highly provocative book, is always urging his father to dare to be human and natural, defying Cabinet and Bishops alike: with little success until one day the King falls backwards down the palace stairs and dislodges a piece of bone in his skull.

The idea is quite amusingly worked out, but suffers, I feel, from the fact that it never steadily settles down to reality or fantasy: it is at once too absurd and not absurd enough for complete success. Much of the dialogue is serious, and Max has two serious love-affairs; on the other hand, we are asked to believe that not only the Princess Charlotte but King John himself can wander about unrecognised in a crowd, and even get arrested and put in prison. This sort of thing is well enough in a burlesque; but it knocks into a cocked hat the realistic bowler elsewhere assumed by the author. Furthermore, if the theme of the book is exceedingly up to date, its technique is not. Mr. Housman is continually stepping out of the frame to assure us that we shall hear more about something "in a later chapter," while in the meantime trusting that "readers will give him credit" for not doing something else. It takes a Trollope to get away with this sort of thing. But the book is worth reading for the sake of some admirable satire: I liked especially a leading article on the crisis:

> In this developing crisis the nation looks with complete and loyal assurance to him who alone stands high and independent above all parties, confident that when the time for a final decision has arrived he will so act, within the recognised limits of the Royal Prerogative, as to add a fresh lustre and a renewed significance to that supreme symbol and safeguard of the popular will which, under Divine Providence, still crowns our constitutional edifice.

That, as the Duke of Plaza-Toro remarked, is the style of the thing precisely. And a pleasanter style than the skittish condescension with which our national organ now chooses to squeeze a little fun out of the efforts of a sea-captain to do his plain duty.

Shadow Over Spennylam is a straightforward story of the depressed areas of Durham. The author shows on the first page his possession of the power to bring to life in the reader's mind the people whom he knows so intimately himself. The sentence which introduces Mrs. Coulson quietly makes its mark: "She was a patient, unsmiling woman with hair of a wispy grey, and

You Call Yourself a Socialist

and so you are, in your own ignorant slipshod way. You gesticulate in a quite un-English fashion when one of your more reactionary friends attacks the Soviet Union. You gnash your teeth when anyone suggests that the Trotsky gang were the Old Guard who "made the Revolution." But then someone asks you, "Who *were* the Old Guard anyway?" And you cough and blush and feel the perfect ignoramus that you are. Your spirit is willing but your facts are deplorably weak. Now we ask you, is it good enough? And we remind you, respectfully but firmly, that we are the official publishers of Lenin. Just now we are publishing his *Selected Works* in twelve volumes, the seventh of which is hot from the press. If these seven volumes don't begin to change your view of history—well, you're past praying for. Incidentally, they will help you to realise that Trotskyism is not merely a jolly subject for debate, but an immediate menace to the progressive forces of the world. And in dozens of other ways these Lenin books will prevent you making a fool of yourself. Expensive? No. They're only five bob each to you.

LAWRENCE & WISHART, LTD.

2 PARTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Your Foot Troubles VANISH

as you walk—in Dr. Fairweather Shoes

HERE is the most important news for foot-sufferers ever published. Dr. S. D. Fairweather, M.A., M.B., Ch.B. (Aberdeen), has designed a series of shoes which enable you to conquer foot troubles for good without the slightest interference with your daily activities, without special treatment, operations or exercises! You regain complete foot-health *as you walk*. By giving your feet the natural exercise and freedom they need, Dr. Fairweather's Progressive Shoes rapidly, and permanently banish any and all of the painful troubles illustrated above.

Dr. Fairweather, who requested the removal of his name from the Medical Register of the G.M.C. in order to devote himself to this work, is at your service, without cost or obligation, to advise you personally on the shoes you need.

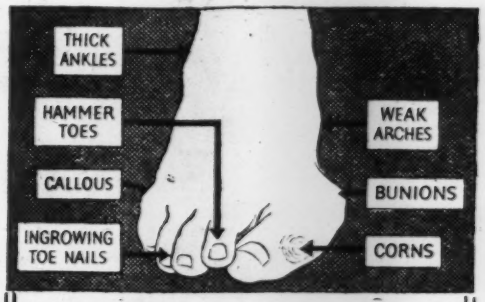
Why not call on Dr. Fairweather or one of his trained assistants to-day? You will find him at:

Charles H. Baber

LANGHAM HOUSE, UPPER REGENT ST., W.1

Dr. Fairweather Shoes also sold at 140 REGENT STREET, W.1
And at Messrs. Finley & Baber, 16 St. Annes St., Manchester

Send today for FREE BOOKLET on Treatment and Care of the Feet.



NO EXPENSIVE TREATMENTS
PAINFUL OPERATIONS
TEDIOUS EXERCISES

Are you suffering from one of the common foot ailments shown in the above diagram? Then here is your opportunity to rid yourself of it. No matter what treatment may have failed in the past you *cannot* regard your case as hopeless till you have worn Dr. Fairweather Shoes. The shoes are made in five progressive styles, as follows:—

No. 1. APTERNA.
No. 2. CLINIC.
No. 3. MIDWAY.
No. 4. ORPIC.
No. 5. FINALE.

Prices range from 30/- to 49/6, and the range of sizes and fittings is so extensive that there is no foot we cannot fit.

Come and consult Dr. Fairweather

or write to him personally at Charles H. Baber's about your particular complaint.

Charles H. Baber, Ltd.

The **dependable portable typewriter**

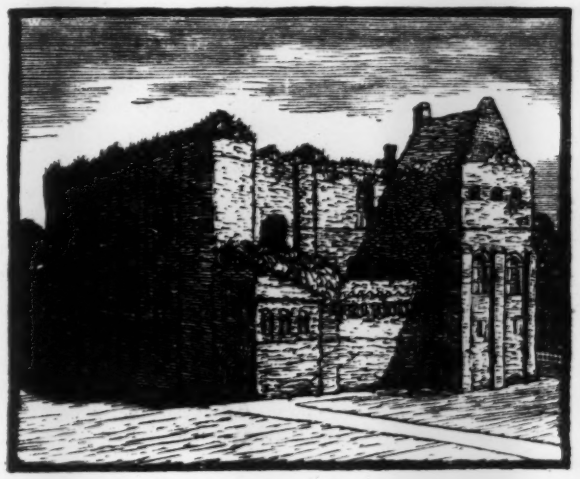
The 'Good Companion' never fails the busy man or woman whenever it is required. The expert typist and beginner alike can always rely on it because of its sturdy design and beautiful workmanship. The 'Good Companion' is made *entirely* in this country. For 12 guineas you can have the finest portable typewriter made.

Imperial 'Good Companion'

Write for particulars to Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester, England. London Office 85 Kingsway, W.C.2

BY APPOINTMENT

USE A TYPEWRITER MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM



Castle Rising, Norfolk.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles.'"
—THE VIRGINIANS

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8D
20 FOR 1/4
50 FOR 3/3

Handmade
20 FOR 1/6
Also obtainable in other packings

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

T.T.174D

there was a weariness about the corners of her mouth and eyes that would welcome the eventual grave." Much of the book is devoted to a subtle and sympathetic picture of "unemployed mentality"; and though it is the fate of such books, however accurate their picture, to grow as monotonous and dreary as the lot of the unemployed themselves, Mr. Lister is saved from this fate by his humour, and from the "ogre-and-saint" mentality of the propagandist by his shrewd understanding of ordinary people, rich and poor alike.

The charm of Lady Tweedsmuir's *Scent of Water* also lies in its ordinariness. It tells of a group of Settlement workers in an unemployed district in South Wales. This is the sort of documentary novel, unexaggerated and practical, which finds its way on to the most unimpeachable library lists and does more good in awakening sympathy and battering down stupidity than whole cartloads of propaganda. Of course there is a love story: Margaret (of Eaton Terrace), disgusted with her Michael, who belongs to the class which used to be called (are they still?) "deb's delights," finds happiness with a charming Settlement worker. The slickness with which the characters are at the end shuffled into a triple wedding is almost Shakespearean. I much enjoyed this modest, sensible book.

All Hands! is a Saga of the Sea. So the publishers claim; and they are quite right. But they wisely do not go on (as some do) to talk about Conrad: Mr. Tomlinson has not the mastery of language and sense of poetry which go to make the noble world of the Polish master. He writes at times easily and directly, at times in a pointlessly roundabout sort of way. Thus (a ship's officer is making a favourable impression on a girl):

> He was not the one to know that his own presence could draw the interest of judges well able to approve a man's attractions. Nor did he know that the renewal of his alert and happy bearing in a morning room incongruous to her already with an unseasonable brightness had perturbed her.

It will be readily guessed in what obscurity such a style can wrap the technical details of life aboard a freighter, already obscure enough anyhow to a landlubber. But there is no doubt that Mr. Tomlinson understands ships and the varied feelings they inspire in the nautical breast, and his novel can be cordially recommended to all sealubbers.

There is always something rather horrifying about the historical novel. One pictures ceaseless activity in the novelist's home: "Peter, dear, run and ask Daddy whether the Romans had candles, or only lamps; and Elsie, *darling*, get Mummy the volume of the Encyclopaedia marked V and find her the article about Vestal Virgins." And the anxious efforts to pitch the dialogue half-way between the old and the new Wardour Streets: antiques and movies. But I doubt whether Miss Chapman has bothered much about the Encyclopaedia for her *Loves of Goya*. It is well known that there are several awkward gaps in Goya's biography in which the artist cannot be traced for a year or more. Miss Chapman points the finger of scorn at a "historian" who imagined Goya spending one of the gaps "at Rome with his nose deep in the study of holy murals." "Murals," she has to admit, "he did do, of course." But she has a better use for his time than that. "One has the right to imagine his disappearances filled with the hot spice of living his many—more than many—furious love episodes." And she exercises that right to the full in a prose whose precise address in Wardour Street I leave it to the connoisseur to determine.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE ROADBUILDER

Road Through Kurdistan. By A. M. HAMILTON. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hamilton has an interesting story to tell. He built the Rowanduz Road, which now makes it possible to motor in a direct line from Mosul, in Iraq, to Tabriz, in north-west Persia. At times he had as many as 1,000 workmen, and he was supported by materials and equipment from England. But during the whole four years of the work he was the only engineer on the scene, he was at once doctor and cashier to the entire camp, and he had to train his men from the beginning in such technical, and sometimes dangerous, matters as blasting, stone-crushing and the slinging of steel bridges many tons in weight across the gorges in his path. It is the country which provides the story, because it provided the difficulties. And it says much for Mr. Hamilton's powers of description that he can make the reader understand how big those difficulties were. Furthermore, Mr. Hamilton endears himself to the reader, since he evidently found—though he does not boast of it, or even state as much in so many words—that his responsibilities, illnesses and loneliness were compensated by the wonders of the scenery and by the company of Kurds and Assyrians, whom he liked.

Agreeable as the book is, it makes one reflect how much more difficult it is for a man to write well now than it used to be. Mr. Hamilton is a straightforward man with a straightforward tale to tell, and such conditions, when the author can write at all, generally produce good prose. But at times it is not Mr. Hamilton who is writing; the pen of the vivid sympathetic engineer abdicates its function to a sort of subconscious planchette, in communion with the commonplaces of Fleet Street, which substitutes "well nigh" for "nearly," records "a veritable angler's paradise," observes that "the ibex holds undisputed sway" over a certain mountain, and pronounces that "the East is veritably a land of shadows." Yet when Mr. Hamilton himself is writing, he can write like this:

> All around me on the stony ground lie my men, descendants of once powerful civilisations—Arabs, Kurds, Persians, Assyrians, Armenians and Indians. They are huddled here and there in the warm autumn moonlight, needing no covering or bedding. All sorts and kinds of humanity as we are, believers and infidels, we cast all our troubles into dreamland and lie there sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion that follows on twelve long hours of work through the fierce heat of an Iraq summer's day. . . . We may differ in appearance and dress, in language and customs and religion; but in sleep as in death all men count alike in the major scheme of things.

Fortunately, it is Mr. Hamilton, not the planchette, who does most of the writing. In his next book let us hope he will do all of it.

Apart from its story, the book has a political interest, which may seem limited and local to those unfamiliar with the middle East, but which casts a sad light on English honour. For Mr. Hamilton's friends, the Kurds, whose maltreatment in Iraq and Turkey has considerably increased since the date when the book closes, we can feel sympathy and no more. But for the fate of his other friends, the Assyrians, we can feel sympathy and shame as well. It is a truism to say that there are two sides to the Assyrian question; there are two sides to every question. But this book

WAR
IN
SPAIN

A Short Account by
F. WHITE

"What I have tried to do," says the author, "is to tell the story of the war as plainly and fairly as I can." The result is an admirably clear account of events as they happened—an account to which numbers of newspaper reports, propaganda pamphlets and documents have contributed. No attempt has been made to give a picture of the war in terms of its folly and cruelty, its waste of heroism and abuse of bravery, but its tragic significance is shown, nevertheless, not only as it affects Spain, but through its echoes in many other countries.

LONGMANS *With 2 Maps.* 1/6 *net*

VITAL BOOKS

HERE is a unique series of books each offering definite help in some aspect of human life. Every book has, in turn, called forth enthusiastic Reviews by competent and well-known authorities—and these opinions are confirmed by a constant flow of letters of appreciation from actual readers. Such unsolicited praise is a far more adequate recommendation than any commentary by the Publishers. The title and description of each book is a guide as to the particular aspect of life with which it deals and the selected works detailed below are offered in perfect confidence that they will provide assistance and help to many.

SOCIOLOGY AND SEX EDUCATION

WISE WEDLOCK (Birth Control). Over 100,000 sold
This volume is full of sane information. It is a necessary book for every adult.
Dr. NORMAN HAIRE says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available in English." — 6/4

REALITIES OF MARRIAGE
This book discusses most of the problems which face newly married couples. "The Spectator" says: "—the best book of this sort which has come to our notice." — 6/4

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE
An entirely **practical** book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" ... ... — 5/4

SEXUAL PHYSIOLOGY. By Dr. R. T. TRALL.
The most illuminating book ever published and the only Authentic Illustrated edition ... ... — 13/-

SEX AND HUMAN NATURE. By BOSWELL KING.
A series of remarkable studies on the psychological relationship of sex to human nature ... ... — 8/-

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By Dr. J. TENEBAUM.
The sanest, completest and most practical work available on the subject. Vera Brittain says: "All seekers after practical wisdom should buy a copy of this rational and constructive work." — 8/-

THE ART OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE
By W. M. GALLICHAN.
A popular book of guidance for young people ... ... — 2/9

MARRIAGE: BEFORE AND AFTER
Full of important information and advice ... ... — 1/2

THE PERFECT WIFE
A book which every woman should read ... ... — 1/2

THE COMPLETE HUSBAND
A wonderful book of advice for the Husband—Actual and Prospective ... ... — 1/2

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY

KNOW THY BODY—THE WONDERS WITHIN US
By MEDICUS, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., C.M. (3rd Edition)
Everyman's Book of Anatomy. The most entertaining physiological book ever written. Each chapter tells an amazing story, each sentence is pregnant with interest. "Makes plain to the layman the processes by which he lives."—John O'London. ... — 3/10

NUDISM (SUN BATHING)

NAKED AND UNASHAMED. By WILLIAM WELBY.
(5th Edition). Treating the subject from the Historical, Moral, Health, Physiological, Aesthetic and Common Sense points of view. Beautifully illustrated. A recent review—Among the many books written on the subject this volume deserves to rank high ... ... — 3/10

IT'S ONLY NATURAL—THE PHILOSOPHY OF NUDISM (With original illustrations). By W. WELBY. Since the publication of the first of this Author's works on this subject, the movement has grown from small groups to colonies of wide membership in all parts of the country. In this new book the author explains why this is so and shows the reasons of its appeal to people of a high intellectual standard ... ... — 3/10

MENTAL AND HEALTH CULTURE

PERSONALITY: ITS NATURE, ITS OPERATION, AND ITS DEVELOPMENT. By J. LOUIS ORTON.
The Author explains exactly what personality is and how it achieves its ends. Personality can be cultivated, and, once achieved, rapidly changes one's aspect on life. This book shows how to Exert Your Personality—How to Build Personal Power — 5/4

MEMORY EFFICIENCY: HOW TO OBTAIN IT.
By J. LOUIS ORTON.
An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to Train Your Memory—How to Memorize, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. ... ... — 3/10

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN.
The Author cured himself of rapidly approaching blindness, and has embodied his successful methods in this book for the benefit of all sufferers ... ... — 3/10

SLIMNESS AND HEALTH. By A. ABPLANALP.
How "slimming" can be undertaken without danger to health is explained in this book. Suitable for both sexes and all ages. 64 illustrations ... ... — 3/9

MODERN FITNESS—THE FIVE-MINUTE PLAN.
By VICTOR DANE. The great value of this book, wherein there is something for everyone, the beginner and the expert, is that a mine of knowledge is imparted within a small space ... — 3/9

PHYSICAL CULTURE SIMPLIFIED. By W. R. LUCAS.
With a Foreword by Sir Malcolm Campbell. Better health and energy can be secured by adopting the system (no apparatus necessary) outlined in this book ... ... — 3/9

THE CURE OF STAMMERING, STUTTERING, AND OTHER FUNCTIONAL SPEECH DISORDERS.
By J. L. ORTON. The simple non-operative means which have cured thousands are completely and clearly set out in this remarkably successful book ... ... — 2/9

HOW TO REMEDY RHEUMATISM ... ...
HOW TO CONQUER CONSTIPATION ... ...
HOW TO ADJUST YOUR WEIGHT ... ...
HOW TO CURE LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES ... ...
HOW TO CURE RUPTURE ... ...
HOW TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS AND CATARRH — 1/2 each
Six practical books, by W. R. LUCAS, wherein the natural treatment for these ailments is plainly set out. The adoption of this treatment cannot fail to bring relief.

Complete Catalogues free on request.
All Prices include Postage. Any of these books can be obtained through your bookseller or direct from

THORSONS, Publishers
Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2

THE ROYAL TYPEWRITER FULFILS ITS OBLIGATIONS TO THE LETTER!

PORTABLE MODEL

Fill in the coupon

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS
75/75a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4
Phone: ROYal 6600 (13 lines).

Please send me further particulars of the Royal Portable, and details of cash and hire-purchase terms. (165)

Name .....

Address .....

.....

makes one fact even plainer than it was before: that either the British authorities must have known a massacre would follow the termination of the Mandate, or that if they did not know, they were criminally neglectful of the information at their disposal. Whichever may be the case, the Assyrians still contrive to exist; the responsibility for their future is still with us; and any Englishman who wishes to inform himself about them, may do so here.

ROBERT BYRON

CASSANDRA

Progress and Catastrophe. By STANLEY CASSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A liberal, a humanist and a good European, appalled therefore by the conspicuous recent decline of our civilisation, Mr. Stanley Casson has made a rapid survey of history and pre-history, searching for analogies. He sketches the emergence of *homo sapiens*, the long Palaeolithic cultures, the prodigious technical advance of the Neolithic Age, the Sumerian civilisation, Egypt, Crete, Judaea, Greece, Rome and Byzantium. (Unluckily he has limited his attention to the cultures which have touched the Mediterranean basin—I think he might have found relevant evidence in the further East.) In the fall, first of Creto-Mycenaean, secondly of Roman, civilisation, he finds parallels and warnings. But whether the analogy in either case is at all exact seems doubtful. Mr. Casson attributes the collapse of our present civilisation to internecine hatreds (the morbid growths of Nationalism) and to the development of material skill unaccompanied by any moral and intellectual improvement. The second of these causes seems to have no historical precedent.

Mr. Casson is also concerned to show that human progress is not inevitable or automatic. In the nineteenth century an ingenuous faith in perpetual amelioration found support in a misunderstanding of the Darwinian hypothesis. To-day such a faith only exists among semi-educated persons, who judge progress merely by improvements in machinery; and among Communists, who believe that what they want to happen must happen, because Marx, influenced by Hegel, embraced the boundless and irrational optimism of his period. In point of fact, innumerable species, including anthropoid species, have disappeared from the face of the earth. And nothing would make more certain the disappearance of a species than the simultaneous development in it of cannibalism and lethal strength. If, for instance, the ferret took to living on other ferrets, and also evolved poisoned fangs, there soon would be no ferrets left. The existence of *homo sapiens* is menaced in just this way.

Mr. Casson takes a very gloomy view, and compares our case with that of the fifth century Sidonius, one of the last cultivated Romans, who saw all the evidence of final collapse around him, and yet believed that the terrors among which he lived would soon become mere memories. For us, as for him, the end of civilisation is inconceivable. Indeed, if there is any truth in the "undulatory" theory of history, current beastliness is likely to provoke a reaction towards humanism. Scientific knowledge in any case is so widely diffused that a return to a Dark Age of ignorance seems improbable. But the complete collapse of every moral standard which makes man the noblest and most individual of the beasts remains possible.

> In our own country, where the decay of standards is least evident, an ingenious scientist has been persuaded to produce the following apologia, which may well serve as the epitaph of all modern civilisation: "An attack by poisonous gas is another form of the effect of environment to secure the survival of the fittest and the elimination of decadent and unworthy persons and races." This statement, which might well be forgiven if one assumed that it had emanated from the mouth of Mussolini, was in fact published in *First Aid* (the journal of the Ambulance and Nursing Services) for August, 1935.

Mr. Casson does not give the name of this scientist, or I would write and ask him to clear his mind of cant, by defining what he means by "fitness," "decadence" and "unworthiness."

Mr. Casson pins a faint hope to an increase in education:

> Were we still engaged in the rigours of a fight against Nature, were we still living in caves from which our children had to emerge to help combat the mammoth and the sabre-toothed tiger, as soon as they were able to wield an axe, it would be comprehensible that we should launch our boys and girls into life at the age of puberty. That any prospective citizen should be considered ready for his State, a finished product at fourteen, seems to me to suggest that our conception of the State still belongs to the Palaeolithic Age.

Very true, but surely the real trouble is that education is an instrument which we have not yet learnt to make at all efficient. No one knows how to make a child brave or honest or logical or kind or intelligent. Until we can make education a less crude and ineffective instrument, until our knowledge of applied psychology makes some marked advance, new progress in civilisation, or even an arrest in the present decay, seems unlikely.

Mr. Casson takes, I think, too rosy a view of certain periods in the past. His criterion is too often the condition only of a governing class. "Democracy, individual freedom, social justice, tolerance of opinion, intellectual integrity," these great contributions of Greek thought were never applied, or even intended to be applied, in Greece to the three-quarters of the population that were slaves. Material conditions have always been miserable, and man's inhumanity to man inexcusable. But in the past theory has been better than practice. It is the distinction of Fascism to have dropped hypocrisy and to shout, as Philip II and Napoleon never did, "Evil, be thou my good!" This justifies Mr. Casson in the gloomy view that he takes of the decay of Europe. His book is witty, eloquent, informative and very agreeable to read.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

IT DON'T PAY

Science Versus Crime. By H. M. ROBINSON. *Bell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

An Introduction to Criminology. By W. A. BONGER. *Methuen.* 6*s.*

A policeman's life, we are told, is not a happy one. The criminal's must be even more desolate. In the game of cops and robbers which has been going on since about the thirties of the last century trick after trick has gone to the "boys in blue." Every year crime becomes more difficult. Science not only invents new weapons of destruction, new drills and new explosives by which safes and bank vaults may be opened, it also invents finger-print systems, lie-detectors, radio-cars and photomicrography. Just as in modern infantry warfare the defence has an immense advantage over the attack so in modern crime detection has a comparable advantage over transgression.

The Prison Commission do not allow any literature on law-

Be fair
to your Digestion

Join the 'FITTER BRITAIN' Movement

The Secretary of your local Health Organisation will give you details.

ALWAYS EAT HOVIS

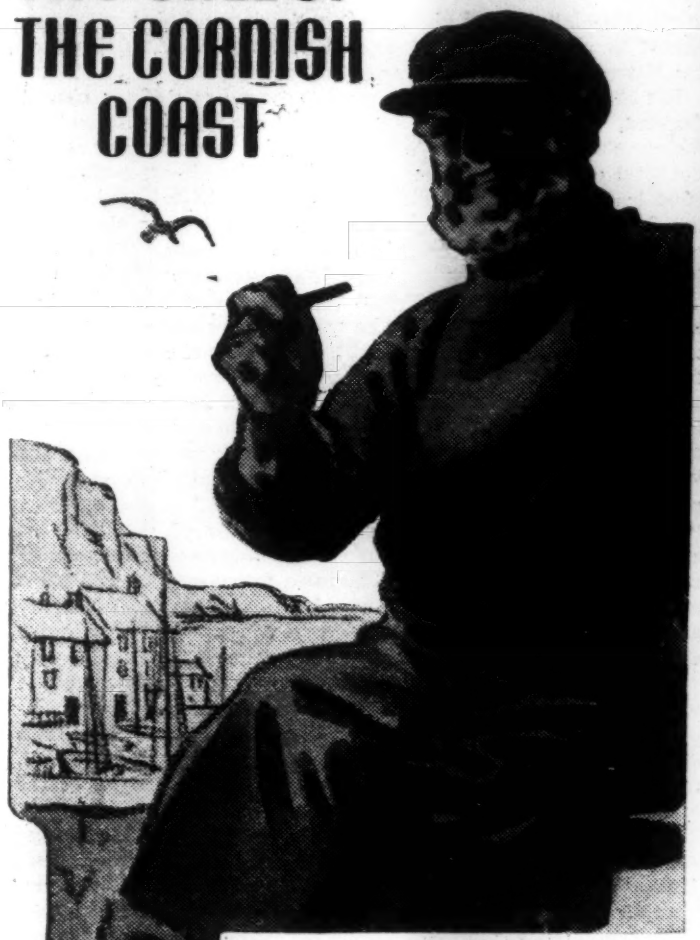
You cannot feel fit if the digestive system is taxed beyond its capacity with too much starch. Eat HOVIS and you will soon notice the difference because HOVIS reduces the starchy food-elements, retaining the bone, muscle and vitality builders due to its added wheat-germ content.

HOVIS TRADE MARK

Best Bakers Bake it

W.1940 *Macclesfield*

THE CALL OF THE CORNISH COAST



If Cornwall is still for you an undiscovered country, what new and thrilling holidays you have in store. At every turn the Duchy will provide you with a rich and strange experience.

When you have discovered the grandeur of its coastline . . . the rich blue of its sea . . . the tropical luxuriance of its flowers . . . the quaintness of its villages . . . still there will remain, for your delectation, a host of other features.

This year, let the G.W.R. be your magic carpet, transporting you to the Cornish Riviera — the land of "Holiday."

BEFORE YOU GO

Obtain these two books :—"THE CORNISH RIVIERA" by S. P. B. MAIS, price 1/- (2/6 bound)

"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1937, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets (1d. a mile 3rd, 1½d. a mile 1st class) issued from nearly all stations.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of the Duchy.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station, or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

A reproduction of "The Sentence of Death" by the late Hon. John Collier.

Help us tear the veil from this tragic mystery

Age and youth—men and women in the springtime and summer of life—individuals whose lives this nation can ill afford to spare—are swept away by the onrushing tide of cancer. Sixty thousand persons in Great Britain alone—cancer's toll in a single year !

The thinking mind reels at this tragic reckoning, a reckoning almost beyond belief.

Bit by bit the veil is being sundered from the centuries-old mystery of cancer. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, the tactics of mankind's dread enemy are being revealed to science.

We, The Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), pioneers in the treatment of this malignant disease, ask *you* to help us tear the veil from this tragic mystery. Research and treatment go forward. But upkeep costs money. Curable cases show a happy increase. But we shall not regard our mission as complete until we discover the cause of cancer, devise methods of controlling it—till finally cancer exists no more.

Please send a gift to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

breaking to be placed in prison libraries. It would be well for them if they made an exception in the case of *Science versus Crime*, for anything more discouraging to anybody intending to make a living by unlawful means would be difficult to imagine.

Possibly the most interesting chapter is that which deals with safe-breaking and bank-robbery. The development of the technique both of the criminal and detective in this particular branch of law-breaking is here traced. Most of the famous names are mentioned: Langdon Moore, Jimmy Hope, Ned Lyons, Michigan Red, who discovered the way to make nitro-glycerine "soup," Oakland Tommy, the first man to find out the sinister uses of the oxy-acetylene torch, and the more recent exponents such as Dillinger, who perfected the technique of daylight robbery as opposed to stealthy burglary. Eddie Guerin, however, is not referred to, perhaps because he was a practitioner rather than an innovator and Pretty Boy Charles Floyd is wholly ignored, although many of the *cognoscenti* consider him the greatest of them all, providing as he does a sort of link between the cow-boy hold-up man of the old Wild West and the modern "torpedo" who goes to work with sub-machine-gun and high-powered car. It is gratifying to learn that if Jimmy Valentine is wholly fictitious, three safes *were* robbed in 1921 by a man who could only have opened them by listening to the tumblers in the combinations and then picking the locks.

Unfortunately, Mr. Robinson is not particularly interested in the sociological background of crime, though he does make a perfunctory reference to it in his last chapter. Surely science can play an even more useful role in preventing than in detecting crime? If more attention were paid to the pathological condition of the recidivist, finger-print files would grow dusty from lack of use and the ballistics expert would have to earn his living by running a shooting-gallery.

Dr. W. A. Bonger, who is Professor of Criminology and Sociology at the University of Amsterdam, approaches the subject in a very different way. *An Introduction to Criminology* is by no means a hand-book on how to detect forged signatures and tell that a particular bullet was fired by a left-handed criminal with red hair and a cast in his eye. It is a very painstaking and thorough examination of all the statistics available on the subject. The theories of every criminologist and penologist of any note are carefully checked and compared. While not so lively and entertaining as Mr. Robinson, Dr. Bonger is far more profound and what he has to say is twice as important. His book is equipped with a very full index and bibliography, which is an indication that the subject has been far more thoroughly covered than in *Science versus Crime*, which lacks either. JAMES CURTIS

CAPITAL

Capital and Employment. By R. G. HAWTREY. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

This is one of Mr. Hawtrey's more difficult books. Perhaps that was inevitable; for it is largely taken up by a series of arguments with other contemporary economists who have attempted to explain the Trade Cycle. Mr. Keynes, Professor Pigou, Professor Hayek and Mr. Harrod are in turn reviewed, and found wanting; and with some apology Mr. Hawtrey includes Major Douglas among the authors criticised, and tries to explain why so many people are induced to accept his theories. The Douglas chapter, however, is in the nature of an appendix to the main argument; and evidently Mr. Keynes has pride of place in Mr. Hawtrey's mind.

His differences with Mr. Keynes turn mainly on the relative importance to be attached to the long-term rates of interest, and therefore to capital investment in durable goods, in the theory of trade fluctuations. Mr. Hawtrey argues that Mr. Keynes is mistaken in laying the emphasis on long-term investment, because the uncertainty attaching to it is so great as to make it highly insensitive to changes in interest rates. Against the Keynes view he brings forward a re-statement of his familiar thesis that the greatest weight should be put upon the absorption or release of short-term funds by traders, on account of their carrying larger or smaller stocks. The determinant of the volume of traders' stocks, except in the case of primary commodities held for speculation, is the state of consumers' demand; and Mr. Hawtrey argues that this form of "investment" is much more sensitive and prompt in its response than the long-term investment which Mr. Keynes has chiefly in mind.

The effect of Mr. Hawtrey's argument is to emphasise the importance for economic activity of maintaining a high level of consumers' demand. Mr. Keynes, on the other hand, is apt to take the "propensity to consume" as a datum, and accordingly to stress the influence of fluctuations in the demand for investment, almost as if this were an independent variable. At this point, the Hawtrey thesis serves as a salutary corrective.

But Mr. Hawtrey, while he recognises the primacy of consumers' demand, agrees with Mr. Keynes in regarding investment as the most sensitive factor. Where he fails is in tending to regard the level of consumers' demand as dependent almost exclusively upon banking policy; so that we are brought back in the end to the familiar contention that all will be well if only the banks manage rightly the granting of short-term credit. This leads Mr. Hawtrey back to what is very nearly a re-statement of the already familiar doctrine that the key to financial policy is to be found in the management of short-term interest rates and open market operations, *plus* an absolute refusal by the banks to lend to certain classes of speculative or over-optimistic borrowers.

Of the economists whom he criticises, Mr. Hawtrey has most in common with Professor Hayek, whose general analysis he appears to accept, alleging only that Professor Hayek tends to think of "capital" too much in relation to investment in cost-saving processes, and too little in terms of "widening" as distinct from "deepening"—i.e., of extensions in the scale of enterprise as against extensions of capitalisation due to the introduction of new methods of production. The main question, for him, seems to be not so much that of the demand for capital in order to apply new methods, as that of enlarging both long- and short-term capital in order to meet expanding total demand.

Undoubtedly this line of approach supplies a valuable corrective to the view that investment (=long-term investment) is the principal detriment of the volume of employment. But Mr. Hawtrey's case is much weaker positively than in its destructive aspect, just because he has failed to give any adequate analysis of the forces which cause consumers' demand to vary.

Like everything Mr. Hawtrey writes, the book is interesting and well-written, though it makes more use than he usually allows himself of mathematical notation. The arguments can, however, be understood even if the mathematical expositions of them have to be omitted. *Capital and Employment* cannot be recommended to the general reader; but anyone who has really tried to follow Mr. Keynes's *General Theory*, or Professor Hayek's *Prices and Production*, will be well advised to take note of Mr. Hawtrey's keen criticisms. Even if he over-emphasises the short-term factors, he makes out a convincing case for the view that recent theories have stressed them altogether too little. G. D. H. C.

SHORTER NOTICES

The League and the Future of the Collective System. (Problems of Peace, 11th Series.) Geneva Institute of International Relations. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Year by year, the Geneva Institute of International Relations issues to the public, in its "Problems of Peace" series, a reprint of the papers delivered at its annual gathering. The discussion is generally academic and impartial, but its calm surface does not quite manage to survive unruffled the great gales of the last eighteen months. The 1936 meeting of the Institute partakes of the nature of a medical consultation, an inquest, and a court of justice, with the League in the sickbed, the mortuary or the dock. Mr. Morrisson has a remedy for the patient in extremis; it is, in effect, a new Geneva Protocol backed by an agreement, open to all nations but initiated by a few pacific Great Powers, to internationalise civil and military aviation and, later, other things as well. Professor Potter and Mr. Streit, from the safer side of the Atlantic, suggest rival if partly complementary cures. M. Riou, of France, delivers a charming but ill-translated obituary speech, in hopes of a resurrection. Dr. Berber acquits himself magnificently as prosecutor for the Third Reich (he is quite right in regarding it as useless to add that his contribution is "a scientific treatment by an *unofficial* individual") but is less convincing in the role of defending counsel for the Führer. The unofficial note grows fainter; if Dr. Berber will pardon a doubtless distasteful simile, the hands are Esau's hands but the voice is the voice of Jacob. Mr. Rothstein, of the U.S.S.R., leaves little of this part of Dr. Berber's argument standing. Mr. Mortished, of the I.L.O. (who apparently cannot distinguish between planning and restriction and advocates the latter in the name of the former) deals with foreign trade and fills to perfection the part of the irrelevant coroner. Professor Nathan and Mr. Barnes give a post-mortem report on sanctions and Imperialism.

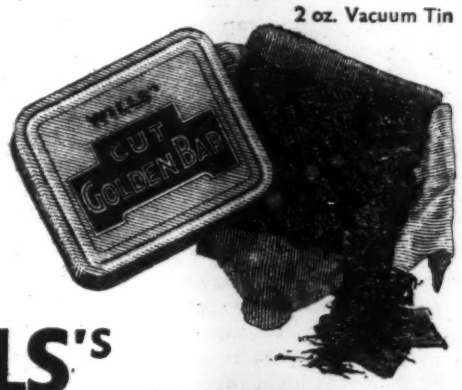
The whole thing would be very entertaining if it were not a matter of life-and-death seriousness. As it is, the general impression is acutely discouraging. Mr. Morrisson's plan—a very good plan—depends on

GOLDEN MOMENTS

The Cup Final

Just on time he takes the ball in his stride and slams it into the net—the winning goal.
What a Golden Moment for him as he receives the coveted Cup.
But even he cannot buy a better tobacco than "Cut Golden Bar" at a shilling an ounce. But it *must* be Wills's.

2 oz. Vacuum Tin



WILLS'S
CUT GOLDEN BAR

READY RUBBED
In 2 oz. Pocket Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Airtight Tins
FLAKE FORM
in 2 oz. Vacuum Tins and 1 oz. Packets

1/- AN OUNCE

C.B.84.B

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

The PARIS BOOKSHOP in LONDON

HACHETTE'S
(Incorporated in France with Limited Liability)
FOR
FOREIGN BOOKS

Large, varied Stocks.
Daily Consignments.
Monthly List
Free on Request.

'Phone: Tem. 9467.

LONDON: Adelaide Street, Strand, W.C.2

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate, &c.
"Goddard's"
Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

A Most Important Book

The Change of Life

By

Dr. Marie Stopes

6/-
U.K. Post 4d.

At all Booksellers or direct by post (Foreign and Colonial postage extra) from
C.B.C. CLINIC, 106 Whitfield Street, London, W.1

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION MEETING

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

On FRIDAY, APRIL 30th, at 8 p.m.

Lord Cecil and the Dean of St. Paul's, M. Pierre Cot (French Minister for Air), **M. Hambro** (Speaker, Norwegian Parliament) **M. Rolin** (Senator of Belgium), **Dr. Alice Masaryk (Czechoslovakia) and others will speak on**

EUROPE'S RALLY TO THE LEAGUE

AND THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE CAMPAIGN

Seats (numbered and reserved) **1/-** to **10/6,** and a limited number of free tickets, to be obtained from the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1. Early application is essential. Doors open 7 p.m. No seats reserved after 7.50 p.m.

the assumption that there is to be found in Great Britain " a Government that possesses a foreign policy and knows what it wants " and one " prepared to take a strong line with vested interests." When, within the next crucial five years at all events, are we likely to see such a Government in power? And no other speaker, however convincing and intelligent, has a comprehensive and positive suggestion to make. For a long time, it appears, the League is likely at best to be no more than a stumbling block on the road to war.

R. L. Stevenson. By JANET ADAM SMITH. Great Lives. *Duckworth.* 2s.

This is a competent and sympathetic little biography. Stevenson was so self-conscious and self-explanatory that it must have been fairly easy to write, but, even allowing for that, Miss Adam Smith has made a good job of it. She presents the real man, and with little comment. On the critical side she is reserved, expressing, indeed, no opinion either on the positive value of his books or on their relative merit. Certainly, as a biographer, she was not obliged to; and yet one misses some hint of Stevenson's tragedy—that of a man of great talent, always slightly, fatally, perversely on the wrong track. It is significant that the only one of his tales which thoroughly came off—*Treasure Island*—should have been the one which gave him least trouble, and from which he had to omit nearly everything on which he specially valued himself. Similarly, with all his love of life, he never quite made contact with it, perhaps from over-anxiety. " In a letter written two days before his death he spoke of himself as a ' a childless, rather bitter, very clear- yed, blighted youth.' " He somehow missed ripeness.

What Science Stands For. By SIR JOHN ORR, PROF. A. V. HILL, PROF. J. C. PHILIP, SIR RICHARD GREGORY, SIR A. DANIEL HALL, PROF. LANCELOT HOGBEN. *Allen and Unwin.* 5s.

At the Blackpool meeting of the British Association a refreshing interest was displayed in the discussions of the relations between the ever-growing body of scientific knowledge and society itself. Here half a dozen of the most interesting papers read at that meeting are collected into a stimulating little volume. Two of the papers, namely, those by Sir John Orr and Prof. J. C. Philip are concerned with the social aspects of special sciences. Sir John Orr argues that the time has now come for raising our standards of nutrition to cover not merely the levels at which hunger is assuaged but those at which human beings can be maintained in the best of health. Prof. Philip gives us a clear and useful account of the training of chemists and the extent to which their services are utilised in the modern community. The rest of the papers deal with the social aspects of science in general. Sir Richard Gregory urges the need for " new principles of design " in the structure of society capable of dealing with the resources of the age, and he expresses the view that when an adequate " school of political philosophy " has developed, " we shall be able to contemplate a new humanism in which increased control of the forces of Nature will be welcomed as a means of increased production with less manual labour and a blessing to mankind, rather than be condemned as a social disaster and a menace to civilisation." Prof. Hogben, discussing the shortcomings of our educational programme in general science, arrives at similar conclusions. He urges more intelligent instruction in the social implications of the history of science, which, in turn, will lead people to contemplate more earnestly the enormous possibilities of our own age. The unifying principle of these essays may be described loosely as the epistemological thesis of Anti-Dühring, by Friedrich Engels, translated into such language as is permissible within the august confines of a British Association meeting. It is a stimulating and useful little collection.

Thy Kingdom Come. By ROM LANDAU. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 5s.

This intelligent collector of new religions has now set up as a spiritual guide himself, in a modest way. He was persuaded into it by a chorus of grateful seekers, and therefore cannot be blamed; and his little book is well-intentioned, if uninspiring. It professes a species of Christianity —much tinged with Steinerism and the occult, but anything exotic in the shell of the doctrine is robbed of frightfulness by the soothing familiarity of the moral kernel. Exhortations to brotherly love, humility, " service not self," etc., etc., though always apposite, have been repeated so often that at this date they surely need at least the accent of poetry to give them driving force. And Mr. Landau's directions for " truthful living " are on the vague side. It may, for instance, be true that the correct attitude towards Hitler is " sympathetic recognition . . . to help him to conquer the ' devil ' in himself." But does it get one much farther?

Digestion and Health. By PROFESSOR WALTER B. CANNON. *Martin Secker and Warburg.* 6s.

Professor Cannon is a physiologist who has devoted much of his life to researches connected with the digestive system; he is indeed one of the pioneers in this field of research. The present volume does not deal with the essential chemical processes involved, but rather with the circumstances affecting digestion, and the nervous mechanism through which such circumstances influence the digestive organs. Although the voluntary nervous system is a considerable factor in this mechanism, a larger part is played by the involuntary or autonomic system, a system of which our present knowledge is far from complete. The picture is further complicated by the connection of this involuntary nervous system with the adrenal glands, whose powerful secretion it controls. For example, such profound emotional disturbances as fear and rage excite the sympatho-adrenal system to promote an extra discharge of the adrenal secretion. This results in a rapid redistribution of the blood in the body, increasing the supply to the brain, heart and muscles. The primitive reaction to fear and rage was physical action, and this redistribution of the blood prepares the body for such action. The extra blood thus required is withdrawn from the digestive organs, whose supply is thereby seriously curtailed. Violent emotion therefore produces indigestion. Correlating the results of animal experiments and human observation Professor Cannon describes the complex working of this and similar mechanisms in such simple and lucid language that the book should present no difficulty to the intelligent layman.

Shanghai Policeman. By E. W. PETERS. Edited by HUGH BARNES *Rich and Cowan.* 15s.

After serving five years in the Royal Tank Corps in India, Mr. Peters found life in England difficult and dull, and answering an advertisement for recruits for the Shanghai Municipal Police, was accepted, and again went East. He was on the point of retiring after six years' service when by a chapter of accidents he was charged first with an assault on a Chinese beggar and later, when the man died, with murder. Though the verdict was not guilty, the many irregularities he had committed led to his enforced resignation. This story of how a competent official, using his own judgment and acting for the best, but not recording his actions fully and truthfully, was for a time in peril of his life, is certainly the best in the book. For the rest, though Mr. Peters' narrative style is bald and unexciting, he does give his readers a clear idea of the nature and difficulty of police work in Shanghai, and of the Chinese criminal as he has seen and dealt with him. Mr. Peters, however, is too ready to assume that he knows more of the Chinese people and civilisation than is known to the English merchants of Shanghai whose dealings are with the reputable members of the Chinese community.

Men Were Different: Five Studies in Late Victorian Biography. By SHANE LESLIE. *Michael Joseph.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Shane Leslie has chosen for these swift impressionist studies Randolph Churchill, who was his godfather, George Wyndham and Wilfrid Blunt whom he knew and admired; Arthur Dunn, the famous footballer, who was his schoolmaster; and Augustus Hare, whose " Guides " were the forerunners of the vast topographical libraries that have since issued from the press. Mr. Leslie deals with his trio of politicians in the light of events in which they had no part and demonstrates that they were better prophets than protagonists. His Churchill rings true enough, but he overrates the general esteem in which that erratic genius was held by the rank and file of his contemporaries. The study of Wyndham is extremely attractive, and the portrait of Blunt shows us that rebellious aristocrat in a very pleasant light. As a limner Mr. Leslie resembles Hilliard, Lely and Van Dyck, in that these very different men have here a certain family likeness. The sketches of the schoolmaster and the writer of " guides " are of men, little known to the general public, whom it is a pleasure to meet.

I.L.O. The Unregarded Revolution. By KATHLEEN GIBBERD. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

This little book contains an impressionistic account of the creation and achievements of the International Labour Organisation. The " unregarded revolution " is the improvement in labour standards, especially in the more backward countries, which the I.L.O. has helped to bring about since the Washington Conference of 1919. Miss Gibberd, following Mr. Phelan's recent study, pays generous tribute to the forceful personality of M. Albert Thomas, who did really save the I.L.O. from being reduced to complete ineffectiveness in the year after 1918. The book is written in a somewhat lyrical manner, and is not intended for specialists. It may be useful in introducing the work of the I.L.O. to adolescents and to general readers who do not object to being talked to rather as if they were senior-form pupils.

Week-end Competitions

No. 371

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Clough rewrote the Ten Commandments to fit nineteenth-century England. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second of Half a Guinea are offered for a version of the Decalogue appropriate to a modern Totalitarian State. Competitors need not imitate the form of the poem, but here it is for those who have not a Clough handy.

THE LATEST DECALOGUE

Thou shalt have one God only; who
Would be at the expense of two?
No graven images may be
Worshipped, except the currency:
Swear not at all; for, for thy curse

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Jane Eyre. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

APOLLO. London After Dark. Tu., Sat.

CAMBRIDGE. 1066 And All That. Th., Sat.

COLISEUM. On Your Toes. Wed., Th., Sat.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tu., F.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Mile Away Murder. Wed., Sat.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Night Alone. Wed., Sat.

GARRICK. The Two Bouquets. Tu., Fri., Sat.

GLOBE. "Candida." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Big Business." Th., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LITTLE. Cornelia Otis Skinner. W., Th., S., 2.45

PEOPLE'S PAL. Love from a Stranger. S., 5.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Post Road. Wed. & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. Suspect. Tues., Fri.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. And On We Go. Wed., Sat.

STRAND. The Squeaker. Wed. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Anna Christie. Wed., Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Wed., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Nearing 250 perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30 (Ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
JANE EYRE
CURIGWEN LEWIS. REGINALD TATE.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) Evgs., 8.30. Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & WALTER HACKETT'S prodn.
LONDON AFTER DARK
by WALTER HACKETT.

CAMBRIDGE. Tem. Bar. 6056.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS., SATS., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT
A Musical Revue of English History.

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161. EVGS., 8.15.
Mats., WEDS., THURS., & SATS., 2.30.
"ON YOUR TOES"
JACK WHITING, OLIVE BLAKENEY, VERA ZORINA.

COMEDY. 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
ANMER HALL presents
"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON"
By DOROTHY L. SAYERS & M. ST. CLARE BYRNE.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.0. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
MILE AWAY MURDER
by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG
(Author of "*Ten Minute Alibi*").

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. 5122. 8.30, W., S., 2.30.
NIGHT ALONE
with RICHARD BIRD.
"A Night of Laughs."—*Daily Mail.*

GARRICK. OVER 295 PERFS. (Tem. 4601.)
8.30 (Ex. Mons.). Mats., Tues., Fri., Sat., 2.30.
THE TWO BOUQUETS
"LOVELIEST PLAY IN LONDON."—*S. Dispatch.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVENINGS, 8.30.
Mats., WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY at 2.30.
BERNARD SHAW'S
"CANDIDA"

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. BOBBY HOWES in
"BIG BUSINESS"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LITTLE. (Tem. 6501). Evgs. (exc. Mon.), 8.45.
Mats., Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.45 (Until April 28)
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER
in Series of Plays and Original Character Sketches.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, Mile End Rd. Adv. 2777.
Mon., APRIL 26th, Nightly at 8, Sat., 8.15. Late mat., Sat., at 5 o'c. PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD in
LOVE FROM A STRANGER
by FRANK VOSPER. 9*d.* to 5*s.*

PHOENIX, Charing X Rd. Sunday, May 2nd, 8 p.m.
Waiting for Lefty. Where's That Bomb?
Tickets 6*s.* to 1*s.* from UNITY THEATRE CLUB, Britannia Street, W.C.1., TER. 3148; only to members SOCIALIST LEAGUE, I.L.P. and C.P., and UNITY THEATRE.

PLAYHOUSE. OVER 425 PERFS. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (Ex. Mon.). Mats., Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
POST ROAD
LOUISE HAMPTON, PERCY KILBRIDE MARY MERRALL.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., TUES. & FRI., 2.30.
SUSPECT
by Rex Judd.

SAVILLE. EVGS., 8.15. Mat., SATS., 2.30.
STANLEY LUPINO in
OVER SHE GOES
Musical Tantivy with LADDIE CLIFF.

SAVOY. Tem. 8888., Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Paul Murray presents
JUNE KNIGHT, in Robert Nesbitt's Revue,
AND ON WE GO

STRAND. Tem. Bar 2660.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., & SAT., 2.30.
THE SQUEAKER
EDGAR WALLACE'S BEST PLAY.

WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283, 6/-, 3/6, 2/6 (bookable).
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
FLORA ROBSON in EUGENE O'NEILL'S
ANNA CHRISTIE

WHITEHALL. (Whi. 6692.) 2nd YEAR
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30. (Smoking).
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
WILLY FORST'S Great Dramatic Triumph,
BURGTHEATER (U).
With CARL ESMOND, WERNER KRAUSS,
OLGA TSCHECHOWA, HANS MOSER.

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn.) Ham. 2285.
MONDAY, 26th APRIL, for THREE DAYS,
NOVA PILBEAM in **TUDOR ROSE** (U).
THURSDAY, 29th APRIL, for FOUR DAYS,
JESSIE MATTHEWS in **EVERGREEN** (A).

RESTAURANTS

IF you are within eating distance go to RULES for Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Maiden Lane, Covent Garden (since 1780).

IF deliciously cooked and daintily served food at really reasonable prices appeals to you, you should visit STUMPY'S RESTAURANT, Upper James Street, Golden Sq. Lunch 1*s.* 9*d.*, five course dinner 2*s.* 9*d.*

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON. Repertory.
Evenings 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Someone at the Door
By Dorothy and Campbell Christie.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
Do You Remember . . .
By John Carlton and Edith Savile.

LIVERPOOL. Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
Parnell By Elsie J. Schauffler.

MANCHESTER. Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
The Late Christopher Bean
By Emlyn Williams.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1.*

CONCERT

A CONCERT in Aid of the Homeless Women and Children of Spain.
VICTORIA PALACE, London, S.W.
Sunday, April 25th, 1937, at 8 p.m.
PAUL ROBESON
Accompanied by LAURENCE BROWN
SYBIL CRAWLEY MAX ROSTAL SELA TRAU
MISCHA DE LA MOTTE THE BLECH QUARTETTE
and other Stars

Tickets—2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.* and £1 1*s.*, can be obtained at the following addresses: Theatre Office, Keith Prowse, I.L.P. Bookshop, 35 St. Bride St., E.C.4, Collet's Bookshop, 66 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Foyles, 119 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Also by post from E. G. Colton, 18 Castletown Road, West Kensington, W.14, Phone: Fulham 6829.

ART EXHIBITIONS, Etc.

ARTISTS' MARKET.
Paintings by ELIOT HODGKIN.
Handmade rugs by KATHLEEN BUCHANAN.
PETER JONES, SLOANE SQUARE.

1937 EXHIBITION, 41 Grosvenor Square, W.1. Unity of Artists for Peace and Democracy. April 14th–May 5th, 10.30 a.m.—8.30 p.m. (including Sundays).
Vanessa Bell, Dali, Duncan Grant, John, Leger, Henry Moore, Miro, Moholy-Nagy, Paul Nash, Ben Nicholson, Picasso, Gilbert Spencer, etc.

THE BRYGOS GALLERY, 73 New Bond Street, W.1. BEER SETS by Michael Cardew, Bernard Leach, K. Pleydell-Bouverie, etc.
Also mixed exhibition of pottery.

DANCES

A DANCE for SPANISH MEDICAL AID will be held at the NEW BURLINGTON GALLERIES, 5 Burlington Gardens, W.1, on Friday, April 23rd, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. First-class band; fully licensed. Tickets, 5*s.* at door. All enquiries to HOLBORN COMMITTEE, SPANISH MEDICAL AID, 6 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Museum 5410.

FIRST BRITISH ARTISTS CONGRESS AND EXHIBITION
DANCE
At 41 GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.
SATURDAY, APRIL 24th, 9 p.m.
Rudolph Dunbar and his Orchestra.
Licensed Bar. Refreshments.
Tickets: Five Shillings.

FOR THE TABLE

COMING to EDINBURGH?
MACKIE'S serve excellent meals in pleasant rooms at 108 Princes Street.
Opposite the Castle.

KIMBERLEY Home Made Breakfast Tray Jams, Jellies and Marmalades NOW REDUCED to 3*s.* 3*d.* for 6 pots; 5*s.* 9*d.* for 12 pots, carriage paid. Whortleberry, Cherry, Peach, etc., included. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

KIMBERLEY Home Made Jams, Jellies and Marmalades NOW REDUCED TO 1*s.* per lb. (6×1 lbs. Carriage Free). Whortleberry, Cherry, Peach, Pineapple, Blackcurrant, Loganberry, etc., included. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

LOANS

ADVANCES £30 to £30,000. Private and immediate. REGIONAL TRUST LTD., 8 Clifford Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. TEL. REGENT 5983.

APPLICATIONS are INVITED by the MORTGAGE (LOAN and SECURITIES) COMPANY, 46 Lincoln's Inn Fields, to arrange prompt advances on Reversions or Life Interest. Not exceeding 4½ per cent. net interest.

Thine enemy is none the worse :
At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world thy friend :
Honour thy parents ; that is, all
From whom advancement may befall ;
Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive
Officiously to keep alive ;
Do not adultery commit ;
Advantage rarely comes of it :
Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,
When it's so lucrative to cheat :
Bear not false witness ; let the lie
Have time on its own wings to fly :
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition
Approves all forms of competition.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 30th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 369

Set by T. W. Earp

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best letter from an author now successful, refusing an invitation from a lion hunter, male or female, who ignored him or her in less happy days. The limit should be 200 words.

Report by T. W. Earp

The model, of course, is Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield ; but it was not enough, as some competitors did, merely to copy it out or send the reference on a post-card. Mrs. Leo Hunter might easily have missed the point. Neither was straight prose invective, or a bare quotation—the obvious one—from "Pygmalion," what was wanted. In this category, "Jake Slugger," a tough-guy author, showed an agreeable briskness. "The boys' limericks are good enough poetry for me : and I can get all the painting I want from Technicolor." Unfortunately, part of his letter was too tough to print. In contrast, Sir Robert Witt, though it was not sustained throughout, displayed delightful urbanity with "No one knows better than yourself how undiscriminating is the Society public" ; and "If I have to refuse, it is with gratitude," is splendid. Runners-up in isolated phrases are W. Durell, "It is, in fact, a source of considerable pleasure to find how my old acquaintances have attempted, within the last few months, to renew on even more generous terms the friendships of an earlier day" ; Joan Juke, "You have perhaps not noticed my sudden leap to fame" ; and "Jane Page," "It was a sweet thought of yours to ask me to call you by your Christian name. . . . But please do go on calling me 'Jennifer,' although, actually, that is only my 'Nom de plume.'" Mrs. G. Ahern got in a good dig with, "Alas ! on that evening I have to attend, as President, the Annual Dinner of the Society for the Encouragement of Young Authors," and Peter Hadley, whose verses reveal the refuser as the inviter's wife, gave the problem an ingenious twist of drama. Another poetic reply came from Gerald Summers, who trips deftly to the conclusion :

Some folk's wit's worse than rural
And some have skins that grow
Like rind (excuse the plural)
Of hippopotamo—
Dear Madam, nought will cure you—
Though lions may allure you,
The answer, I assure you,
Is definitely "No !"

Most devastating of all was "Muggins's" acceptance by telegram, "Thrilling stop arriving friday or saturday stop bringing all the gang stop too exalting stop." That would be worse than any refusal, but as refusals were asked for, the first prize goes to P. Moeran, and the second is divided between Guy Innes and J. N. W.

FIRST PRIZE

DEAR LADY LAPLITT,

I know you will understand my refusing your kind invitation to your little literary luncheon at such short notice. Yesterday my man inadvertently set all my clothes on fire and until my new ones arrive I am existing in those same "deplorable grey flannels" so well remembered.

Yours,
PYMONIE MOERAN

SECOND PRIZE (1)

'Tis the voice of the Author ; you hear him complain of an eminent toady—yes, YOU !—for he now can afford to express his disdain by reeling and writhing what's *true*.

There's sand in your sugar, there's wool in your wine, and I'd not be seen dead at your feast ; though snobs may applaud you to ninety times nine, I'll say what I'm thinking, you beast !

No doubt in the days of my dinners of herbs I would have accepted with joy, but I'm reaping the harvest of bounteous blurbs, and I now can afford the Savoy ;

But I cannot forget (I'm not going to try) how I trembled with fear at your frown, when, broke at the pie-stall, I saw you go by, not deigning to give me a brown.

I was fed to the teeth, though my belly was void, with the fare you accorded me then, and I'm therefore determined (I hope you're annoyed !) that you never shall feed me again.

GUY INNES

SECOND PRIZE (2)

From you, dear Lady B., an invitation
Displays an accurate discrimination ;
Indifferent if your protégé survives,
You are At Home to him—when he arrives.
He, then, this logical benevolence
Repays in kind from his experience ;
Arrival crowns a lesson painfully learned—
Where to get off—and this is now returned.

J. N. W.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 225.—AT THE "GOLDEN PHEASANT" (I)

Professor A. B. Surd, Sir Log à Rithm and Lord Cosine dined, with their respective wives, at their favourite restaurant, the Golden Pheasant. They sat at a circular table, each husband opposite his wife. When dinner was over, Professor Surd said : "Let us now rearrange ourselves for coffee and liqueurs. Each of us will move to a different seat. And to ensure that our choice of seats is a random one, here are six slips of paper, numbered 1 to 6, which I am putting in this receptacle. My seat is No. 1, the seat on my left is No. 2, and so on. Each of you will in turn draw one of the slips and—unless the seat drawn is his own—will move to whatever place is indicated."

(This complicated scheme well illustrates Professor Surd's mentality.)

When the reseating had been duly effected, Professor Surd, who had not long been married, found himself next to his wife.

"Ah, my dear," he said, "I was hoping that this would happen. In fact, I don't mind telling you that I cheated in the draw. I gave myself as good a chance as I could of having you sitting next to me."

(1) *Given that the Professor's statement is true, is it possible to say (a) what seat the Professor was occupying or (b) from which of two or more seats his own was selected ?*

(2) *The Professor having selected his seat, what were the odds against his finding his wife sitting next to him ?*

PROBLEM 223.—MORE FROM M'BANGALAND

A large number of solvers found the right answer to this problem, but nearly all missed its most interesting feature, viz., that the data admit of two selections of animals. These are :

	Mr. Gnu shoots :	*Admiral Lion shoots :*	*Lady Hyena shoots :*	*Lord Giraffe shoots :*
(1)	2 Giraffes	1 *Lion*	2 *Gnu* 2 Hyenas	1 *Giraffe*
(2)	1 Lion 1 Hyena	1 *Lion*	2 *Gnu* 2 Hyenas	1 *Giraffe*

the point basis in either case being : Lion, 7 ; Giraffe, 4 ; Gnu, 2 ; Hyena, 1. The animals shot by their own namesakes (italicised) are the same in either case.

PROBLEM 222.—HOLIDAYS (OLD STYLE)

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : E. Hartley, 159 Brownhill Road, S.E.6. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

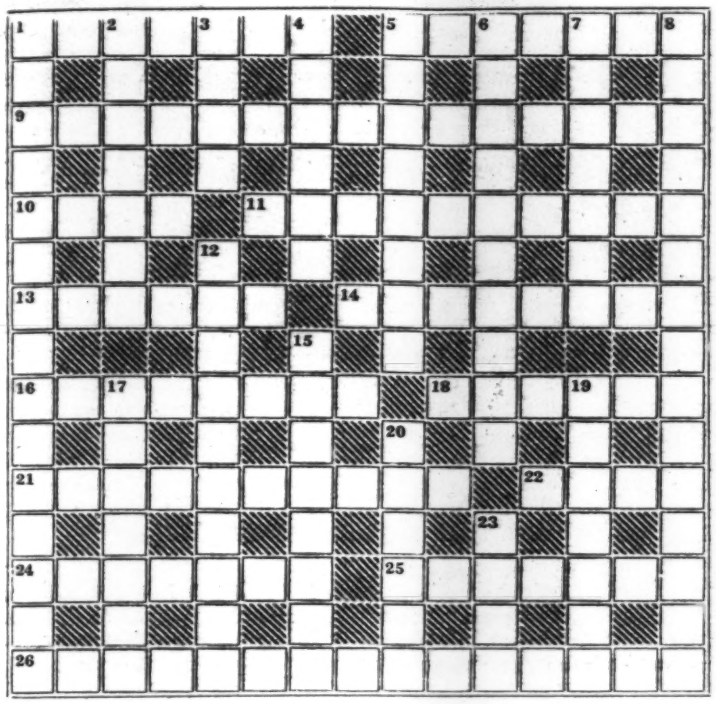
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 372

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

P. Nichols, 48 Church Way, Whetstone, N.20

ACROSS

1. In the R.A.S.C. he messed with the sergeants.
5. Description of an en-tailed joker.
9. They discovered a magical eating-house.
10. Eyeballs for coronations.
11. M.P.s may be even without a K.O.
13. Fractured a leg beyond the swamp.
14. "Unearths" diamonds — a hearty worker no doubt.
16. Where front rank theatrical people sit.
18. The harp is in the district.
21. Masquerading that covers feet first.
22. Alternatively a pound by word of mouth.
24. A tinter with chemical.
25. Is it his job to keep the pot boiling?
26. The pilot tries usury in an underhand way.

DOWN

1. No doubt they are form-al erections.
2. Small holding for a woman.
3. Where the County goes to the dogs, as it were.
4. Result of a light interception.
5. Achieve the middle-aged spread perhaps.
6. A resting place by the border possibly.
7. It gradual-ly precedes.
8. Provides a break-away from 1 down.
12. What the char-woman does when she isn't up to time.
15. Noisy expert in 1 across?
17. Haven for those who believe in Protection.
19. Highway encroachments?
20. Going down lightly.
23. The hour to be pushful.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	G	R	O	C	E	R	■	J	O	C	K	E	Y	■
C	■	A	■	U	■	I	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	M
U	L	M	I	C	■	N	I	C	A	R	A	G	U	A
S	■	P	■	K	■	G	■	K	■	R	■	E	■	G
T	R	I	T	O	M	A	■	O	M	I	C	R	O	N
A	■	O	■	O	■	R	■	F	■	A	■	L	■	A
R	A	N	J	I	■	I	D	A	■	G	U	Y	O	N
D	■	■	N	■	N	■	L	■	E	■	■	I	■	■
P	E	T	I	T	■	G	A	L	V	A	N	I	S	M
O	■	R	■	H	■	O	■	T	■	N	■	N	■	O
W	A	I	V	E	■	R	N	R	■	D	E	F	N	U
D	■	P	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	P	■	L	■	S
E	X	P	R	E	S	S	E	D	■	A	R	I	E	L
R	■	E	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	C	■	Y
■	C	R	A	T	E	S	■	S	P	R	I	T	E	■

A Gilt-Edged Investment

C.W.S. BANK DEPOSIT NOTES YIELD 3% per annum compound interest if held for four years. Earlier withdrawals may be made, although in such cases the interest is less. Multiples of one pound are accepted.

Of the total C.W.S. Bank assets of £105,000,000, **some £76,700,000 is invested in British Government Securities.**

The reserves of the Society amount to £8,000,000.

Ask for C.W.S. Bank Deposit Note leaflets at any Co-operative Society, or write to:

C.W.S. BANK

Head Office: 1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

BRANCHES:

LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1
42, Kingsway, W.C.2, and
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: West Blandford Street.

BRISTOL: Broad Quay.

PUBLISHED APRIL 21st

Kings and Heroes

by

Erica Fay

In narrative poems, delightful to read aloud, a vivid and glowing life is created

Beautifully set in Centaur type

CLOTH

2/6

Net

ECLIPSE PRESS, 108 WHITFIELD ST., W.1

CATALOGUE 505

The Library of the late Mandell Creighton, D.D. Mainly historical and theological, this library contains the whole of the books he used in writing "A History of the Papacy." This, as with all our catalogues, will be sent free on application.

W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD.
BOOKSELLERS

CAMBRIDGE ENGLAND

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

BUDGET REACTIONS—OUTLOOK FOR NEWSPRINT—CABLE AND WIRELESS AND GLOBE

THROGMORTON STREET has fared worse at Mr. Chamberlain's hands than Wall Street at Mr. Roosevelt's. Wednesday's reactions to the Budget were moderate rises in Government bonds and a slump in industrial equities and the shares of Empire metal-producers whose registered offices are in London. Because of the uncertainties surrounding "N.D.C.," jobbers were quoting extremely wide prices, every broker being read by the dealers as a "seller." Liquidation was as heavy as the conditions of the market allowed. City criticism of the new tax was concerned chiefly with the unfairness of the proposed datum level for profits and the anomalies likely, so far as can be seen, to arise from the incidence of the tax. For example, two rubber or mining companies may be operating side by side, yet only those whose registered offices are in London will be liable to the tax. Will such companies proceed, or be allowed, to transfer their registration abroad? Again, on Mr. Chamberlain's definition of capital as "assets at cost," it would appear that companies that have built up good-will will not be able to capitalise it and will in consequence be penalised. Further, companies with a heavy load of loan capital—i.e., "high-geared" concerns—will be hard hit in comparison with competitors who have issued preference shares, instead of debentures, to meet their capital needs. Finally, companies which have written down their capital to cover past losses may be able to claim for assessment the original cost of their capital assets, so that certain of the large, old-established armament companies, which the Chancellor wishes to tax, may go scot-free. Until the Finance Bill has been drafted and (as it doubtless will be) drastically amended it is difficult to assess the ultimate effect of "N.D.C." on share values. The announcement in Parliament on Wednesday night, that amounts payable under the levy would be deducted before assessing profits for income-tax purposes, was hailed by the City as a small crumb of consolation. But antagonism to the whole principle of this selective taxation was unabated. As one broker observed, Mr. Chamberlain has put a premium on the shares of badly managed companies with declining profits, and discriminated against the efficient and enterprising firms. Many disgruntled investors are once more turning their attention to Wall Street, which seems due for a recovery.

* * *

The announcement that Bowater's Paper Mills have acquired from Sharins Soner of Umea in Sweden two groundwood pulp mills with a present annual productive capacity of over 130,000 tons is good news for investors in the British concern. Despite a 9 per cent. distribution in 1936, Bowater's ordinary £1 shares fell abruptly last February from a "high" of about £2 to under 19*s*. The market's calculation was that Bowater's had contracted to make heavy forward deliveries of newsprint at keenly cut prices and stood to suffer serious losses through the recent sharp rise in the price of mechanical pulp. The pulp Cartel, which controls substantially the whole of Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish exports, has pursued a thorough-going restrictionist policy. Though demand for newsprint has increased considerably, both in this country and still more in the U.S.A., export quotas for 1937 were kept, quite unwarrantably, at the 1936 figure. Under the deal now completed, Bowater's safeguard themselves against the worst dangers of a "pinch" in their raw material supplies; and since Sharins, under British control, may be expected to resign from the Cartel, the power of the Scandinavian and Finnish producers to "rig" the pulp market should be considerably weakened. Bowater's shares recovered, before the Budget slump, to 24*s*., at which level they seem reasonably valued.

* * *

Apart from the special question of Scandinavian pulp supplies, the future of newsprint prices is greatly exercising the proprietors of mass-circulation newspapers, a high percentage of whose production costs are represented by the bill for paper used. One press Lord, for motives unrevealed, has been prophesying famine prices for newsprint; another retorts, *coram publico*, that ample supplies at moderate prices are assured. The truth seems to lie between these two extremes. Recovery in the U.S.A. has brought with it a revival in newspaper circulations and their advertising space. Consumption of newsprint is growing fast. Exhaustion of available spruce forests is being reflected in a progressive decline in United States' newsprint production, now less than a million tons a year. Canada, after years of restricted output, is now producing at the rate of 3½ million tons a year, but 1937 supplies look like being fully absorbed by American and British requirements. Pulp supplies in Canada are ample, but expansion of mill capacity takes time and producers have not yet forgotten the "depression aftermath" of over-expansion which afflicted the industry between 1930 and 1934. For 1937 deliveries newsprint is quoted in New York at $42.50 per ton, against a depression "low" of $40; but a sellers' market is clearly developing and forecasts of $50 per ton and higher for 1938 deliveries are probably not wide of the mark, though talk of a newsprint "famine" is absurd. Even so, a 25 per cent. increase in the cost of their chief raw material will present newspapers of the 2,000,000 net sale type with a pretty problem to solve.

* * *

One firm of brokers estimates the earnings for the three leading Canadian producers of newsprint at $50 and $60 a ton as follows:

	Consolidated Paper.	Donnacona Paper.	Price Bros.
Output capacity of Newsprint and Pulp, tons	700,000	100,000	350,000
Numbers of common shares after allowing for exercise of all options	2,305,828	376,572	679,084
$1 per ton of newsprint = earnings per Common share	30 cents	27 cents	52 cents
Operating costs, per ton ..	$37.00	$37.00	$37.00
Depreciation, per ton ..	$4.50	$3.00	$4.50
Prior charges, per ton ..	$4.70	$3.37	$3.00
Total costs ranking before Common stock, per ton ..	$46.20	$42.37	$44.50
Earnings with newsprint at:			
$50 per ton, per share ..	$1.14	$1.79	$2.86
$60 per ton, per share ..	$4.14	$4.49	$8.06
Price of common stock ..	$21	$17	$46

On these estimates Donnacona appears the cheapest, which is not surprising seeing that the stock has only risen $3 this year while the other two have more than doubled. Donnacona, with its substantial output of wrapping paper, has the most stable business and would be the least affected if newsprint prices failed to reach the Rothermere levels.

A MANAGED UNIT TRUST OFFERING AN INVESTMENT IN THE SHARES OF 40 BRITISH BANKS AND DISCOUNT COMPANIES. THE UNIT-HOLDER IS FREE FROM PERSONAL LIABILITY IN RESPECT OF UNCALLED CAPITAL

TRUST of BANK SHARES

TRUSTEES
EQUITY & LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

BANKERS
BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED
THE BRITISH LINEN BANK

MANAGERS
TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED

Trust of Bank Shares Units may be purchased through any Stockbroker or Bank. The estimated yield at current prices and based on cash dividends is approximately 4%. Price of Units, 21st April - - 20s. 0d.

For full particulars apply for Trust of Bank Shares Booklet to any Stockbroker or Bank, or to

TRUST OF INSURANCE SHARES LIMITED
30 Cornhill, E.C.3

Mansion House 5467

McN 1197/4

The details of the Cable and Wireless scheme of capital reconstruction revealed results for 1936 slightly better than those estimated in these columns on April 10th. The company apparently entered the New Year with earnings of 1¼ per cent. to 1½ per cent. (against our nil to ½ per cent.) on the new ordinary share capital after allowing for the interest and sinking fund on the new Funded Income Stock. These results were obtained with an average traffic index (of gross message receipts) of 74.4 for 1936. The traffic index now stands at 90.6 and allowing ¾ per cent. on the new equity for every point rise in the traffic index, current earnings should be around 13½ per cent. The directors consider it "not unreasonable" to expect 1937 profits to be sufficient to *pay* a dividend of 4 per cent. on the new ordinary stock. Obviously, the directors would be conservative in their estimates of the year's profits at this early stage, but even if we assume an average traffic index of 85 for the year we arrive at earnings of about 9 per cent. on the new ordinary stock. Clearly, the new ordinary, which can be purchased on the basis of around 93¾ by buying the old "A" at around 28⅛, is an interesting speculation. The 5½ per cent. preference stock at 109½ ex the current dividend but cum arrears of dividend is more desirable than ever. If we value the funded stock, in which the arrears of dividend are to be paid at par, the net price of the 5½ per cent. preference stock is 102¼ to yield £5 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent. Now that Mr. Chamberlain's excess profits tax is driving investors out of industrial equities into fixed interest, this handsome yield is particularly attractive.

* * *

I should add, Cable and Wireless stocks can be acquired more cheaply by buying Globe Telegraph £10 ordinary stock at 16½. Globe will hold nearly £1,000,000 of the new Cable and Wireless ordinary, and a dividend of 4 per cent. on the latter will mean 1.6 per cent. gross on Globe ordinary, bringing the estimated earnings of that stock up to 10¼ per cent. As Globe will no doubt distribute its earnings up to the hilt, a purchase of its £10 ordinary stock at 16½ to yield 6¼ per cent. on estimated earnings can be recommended. The break-up value of Globe Telegraph ordinary stock is probably between £20 and £21.

Ample funds to assist house purchase always available. Prospective home-owners are invited to write for full particulars of the Mortgage Service to

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

ABBEY ROAD BUILDING SOCIETY
ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER ST., N.W.1

CVS—293

Company Meeting

EAGLE, STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO.

PRESIDING at the Annual General Meeting of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, held on April 15th, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, said they continued to benefit by the increasing prosperity of the country, and he thought they would agree that the results for the past year were good.

The current Life and Annuity Funds increased over £534,000 during the year, whilst, since the beginning of the quinquennium, they had increased by approximately 1¾ million. The average rate of interest earned on their current Life Assurance Fund during the past quinquennium was £4 4*s.* 10*d.* per cent. The Valuation showed a gross surplus in the Participating Section of £339,087. Of this it was proposed to distribute £318,955 and carry the balance forward.

The sum of £31,895, representing one-tenth of the distributable surplus, had been carried to the Shareholders' Profit and Loss Account, the remainder, amounting to £287,060, being credited to the Policyholders. The Policyholders' share was sufficient to provide reversionary bonuses of 40*s.* per cent. per annum of the sum assured in the case of both Ordinary Whole Life Assurances with Profits and Ordinary Endowment Assurances with Profits, whilst in the case of the Abstainers' Section (Full Premium) bonuses of 42*s.* per cent. on Whole Life Assurances and 41*s.* per cent. on Endowment Assurances were declared. In view of the excellent results achieved and the strong position of the Life Fund, the Directors were pleased to announce that for the present they had decided to pay an Interim Bonus of £2 per cent. on all Participating Policies effected under their Ordinary Section and the Abstainers' Full Premium Section on all claims arising by death or maturity during the current quinquennium.

The liabilities in the non-participating Section of the Life Fund were valued on the same basis as that employed five years ago, which is even more conservative than a 3 per cent. net premium valuation by the A 1924–29 Table and a gross surplus amounting to £129,044 was disclosed. Allowing for £40,000 already received by the Shareholders during the quinquennium and the carry-forward of £18,044, the balance of £71,000 has been transferred to the Shareholders' Profit and Loss Account.

The new business in the Sinking Fund Account has increased by some £340,000 sums assured. The valuation has been strengthened by assuming 3 per cent. interest instead of 3½ per cent., and the gross surplus amounts to £17,552, of which £10,000 was transferred during the quinquennium, and the balance has now been transferred to the Shareholders' Profit and Loss Account.

The liabilities of the Annuity Fund have been valued on the same basis as in the Life Fund, and while the sum of £34,961 realised profit has been brought into account, in order to strengthen the reserves by reducing the rate of interest assumed, the appreciation in the value of the securities has been left untouched.

In the Fire Department the premium income amounted to £795,917, compared with £808,087 in the previous year. The profit in the Department was £74,073, which compared favourably with the previous year both in the amount and in the percentage.

ACCIDENT AND GENERAL DEPARTMENT

In the Accident Department a profit of £9,749 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account. In the General Department a profit of £98,544 was transferred to Profit and Loss Account. In the Motor Department the sum of £5,683 had been transferred from the Profit and Loss Account, showing a small loss.

In the Marine Department they were able to transfer the sum of £20,000 to Profit and Loss Account, and the Marine Fund at the end of the year stood at £328,557, which equalled 130.36 per cent. of the premium income.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

The total profit was £2,136,531. There was paid an increased dividend of 27½ per cent., amounting, with the Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, to £261,011 net. Provision for taxation not charged elsewhere and other adjustments left the substantial balance of £1,708,605. After various deductions there remained a credit balance to carry forward of £227,802, which showed an increase of £20,538 on the amount brought in. After writing off all expenses in connection with the recent share issue, the premium on the new capital, together with the sum of £33,940, making a total transfer of £1,150,000, had been carried to Reserve Fund, which now stood at two-and-a-half millions.

In conclusion, he said that the new year had opened well. Given peace at home and the fulfilment of their hopes in world conditions generally, he considered the future was full of promise.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

TRAINING CENTRES

QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE. Practical training in delightful surroundings. Journalism and Foreign Shorthand. Own Residential Club. 7 months' course, £55. Prospectus from Dept. E., 67 Queen's Gate, S.W.7

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

THE WESTMINSTER TUTORS (Miss Freeston, M.A. Oxon., Miss Nanco, B.A. Lond., and experienced staff) undertake coaching for all University, School and Civil Service examinations; also conversation classes in Modern Languages and English for foreigners. Small classes forming after Easter for Matriculation and School Certificate work. Individual tuition in weak subjects. Reasonable charges. For prospectus, information and advice, apply 50 Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.1 (beside the Army and Navy Stores). Interviews by appointment. Tel.: Victoria 2976.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: MISS MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examination of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s.—For particulars apply SECRETARY.

THE WHITEHALL SECRETARIAL COLLEGE, 36 Victoria Street, S.W.1 (Vic. 6216). Common sense and initiative encouraged. Moderate fees. Next term, April 26th. MISS E. CHYNOWETH, successor to MISS TROTMAN.

FRENCH STUDIO. OZENFANT ACADEMY OF FINE ART. We are offering a STUDENTSHIP for one year's study beginning next Autumn. The Studentship will be given without regard to age, sex or previous training to the most promising artist who might not otherwise afford to study. The Competition closes June 15. Works submitted not to exceed 4. 170 Warwick Rd., Kensington, W.14.

THE PROFESSION WITH NO UNEMPLOYMENT. Complete Teacher's Training for Girls in all Branches of Physical Education, Gymnastics, Games, Dancing, Swimming. ANSTEY PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE. A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics. Particulars from: THE SECRETARY, Anstey College, Erdington, Birmingham.

CHEKHOV
THEATRE STUDIO
DARTINGTON HALL,
TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON.

Director: MICHAEL CHEKHOV
(Late Director, Second Moscow Art Theatre)

The purpose of the Studio is to train young people capable of creating a new standard in the modern theatre. A permanent touring company will be formed. The Studio possesses a fine modern theatre and a large open-air theatre. The Secretary on application will send a small book describing the method, together with full particulars of entrance and scholarships.

MISCELLANEOUS

W.1. BRIDGE CIRCLE, 1*d.* stakes. Thurs., Sats., practice class Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

DIVAN BED, 3ft. 6in. Heal's; with spring coil mattress; bought Xmas for £14, now £8 or near offer. Prim 1043.

DIGESTION TROUBLES. St. Francis Dietary Hospital, 19A Red Lion Square. Wednesdays, 10.

HELENA THORNHILL Photographer. 23 Cornmarket St., Oxford. Natural portraits in the modern manner. Reasonable prices. 'Phone: Oxford 4444.

ART of RECORD BUYING. Twelve recordings of one sonata but only one best. You'll find it in this free guide to 1,000 classical records. Write to E.M.G. Hand-made Gramophones, Ltd., 11 Grape Street, London, W.C.2.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD.—Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns, post free. Prices, complete Suit, 97s. 6*d.*; Jacket, 57s. 6*d.* S. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10 Wigton, Cumberland.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed; from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarth's, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins, 1s. 6*d.*, 2s. 6*d.*, 4s. 6*d.* post free.

You could have earned 7% on your savings every year for the past 5 years as a Member of this Society. Post coupon for Pamphlet

Safest of all BRICKS & MORTAR

Member of Association of Property Societies.

● ONE OF THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED SOCIETIES FOR CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT IN PROPERTY.

● NO DEBENTURES, LOAN STOCK OR MORTGAGE BONDS.

● PROPERTIES OWNED: £110,731. TOTAL PRIOR CHARGES: £74,339.

To: **Freehold Co-operative Investment Trust, Ltd., Freehold House, Thayer Street, London, W.1.**

Please send me, without obligation, your Pamphlet describing how I can secure a safe 7% return on sums of from £20 to £200 by investing co-operatively in Property.

Name .....

Address .....

..... N.S. A.24

THE SAFE HIGH-YIELD INVESTMENT

SCHOLARSHIPS, Etc.

MILL HILL SCHOOL, LONDON, N.W.7. An examination will be held on the 31st May (preliminary) at candidates' own Schools* and 10th to 12th June (final) at Mill Hill when several ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS will be offered for competition to candidates who are over 12 and under 14 on 1st April, 1937.

About eight Scholarships are offered varying from £100 to £60 p.a., and two of the fixed value of £80 p.a.

Ministerial Exhibitions of the value of £100 p.a. are also offered for the sons of Ministers. Candidates who do not win Scholarships may be accepted for admission to the School without further examination, provided that their work is of sufficient merit.

For further information and application forms, apply to the BURSAR, Mill Hill School, London, N.W.7.

* A boy may, on the recommendation of his Headmaster, be excused the Preliminary Examination if the date of this clashes with any other Examination.

PERSONAL

WRITER (ex-journalist) of intelligent but unsuccessful first novel wants something to keep him going while he continues writing. Box 728, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

YOUNG Austrian artist requires *au pair* position in modern progressive school, would teach art and German and undertake any odd jobs. Country preferred. Write Box 724, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WILL 1 or 2 others join woman in renting house. Share exes. Own apartments. Kent, 20–25 miles London. Box 727, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ARTIST, young, working from sense of inner necessity, not profit, needs materials and food. Urgent. Box 730, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

NUDIST CLUB, central London, both sexes. Artificial sun. Also woodland Sun-Park. Box 731, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

QUAKERISM. Information and literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends, free on application to the Friends' Home Service Committee, Friends' House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

ANTHONY PANTING has resumed normal working at his studio at 5 Paddington Street. WELBECK forty-nine fifty.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6, Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

ABSURDLY beautiful situation, facing Thames, nine miles Hyde Park Corner; 5 bedrm., 2 rec., 2 bath., amusing 1820 house with garden. £2,100 freehold. Box 699, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SUN ALL DAY. Hilltop situation between FARNHAM and FRENSHAM. Modern house for sale; 2 recep., 4 bed, all main services, cent. heating, garage, terraced garden and heathland. Box 725, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1; or 'phone: Farnham (Surrey) 6049.

FREEHOLD, £1,575. Small house, Bayswater. Quiet, pretty unfashionable street. Completely modernised, charmingly decorated. Sunk garden abolishes basement. Central heating; 7–8 rooms, large kitchen, nice bathroom, 2 w.c.s. Built-in furniture. Box 726, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ATTRACTIVE service rooms. New modern furniture, h. and c., every comfort. Close two parks, Piccadilly Tube. From 20s. 45 Gloucester Road, N.4.

BRUNSWICK SQUARE. Charming bed-sitting room, suitable for lady, in flat with two others. All conveniences, access to garden, service, breakfast, other meals optional; during summer term. 'Phone: LOWE, Terminus 6948.

CORNWALL, near Tintagel.—To LET in August. Furnished, well-equipped COTTAGE; two sitting-rooms; sleep five; kitchen Cookanheat; indoor sanitation; bathroom (h. and c.); sheltered, sunny position; good garden. DR. TAYLOR, The Vine House, Sevenoaks.

FREE Household, 2 furnished rooms with bed and breakfast, £1 and 25s. 'Phone: FLA. 9970. Evening SLO. 3842.

TO LET. Coronation week or longer. Furnished flat 2 recep., 3 bed., kitchen, bath. 5 *guineas*. Write only. GRAY, 4 Rugby Mansions, W.14.

N. WALES. Furn. cot., sleep 4-6, e.l., 6 miles Bangor, 10 mins. bus, stores. Mountains, lakes, trips coast. 25s. wk. Help avail. Box 729, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

DELIGHTFUL old-world house. Large, light, unfurnished room or studio. Redecorated. Every convenience; £1. 17 Lyndhurst Rd. HAM 0430.

HOLLAND PARK. Modern Rooms with Breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

CHELSEA. Bed-sitting room to let. Every convenience. 'Phone Flaxman 9415.

SWISS COTTAGE, near Embassy. Unfurnished, delightful living room or studio. Completely redecorated house. 12s. 6*d.*, 17s. 6*d.*, 21s. Sunny attic flat, 2 rooms, kitchen, box-room 25s. Large garden room and kitchenette, 25s. Capable housekeeper, service optional. 19 Crossfield Road, N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 6139.

WANTED Bucks or Herts, 20 acres of land, isolated and unspoilt. Would consider purchase of house so situated, but essential that no other dwellings near. MABEL LETHBRIDGE, Cheyne Walk Estate Agency, S.W.3. Flaxman 3574.

TUITION

RUSSIAN by native lady linguist, many years' teaching experience London schools. Simplified phonetic method. Trial lesson free. New Oxford St. 'Phone: Box 598, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

EXPERIENCED tutor (B.A.) Classics, History, English, for school and University examinations. SUMNER-BOYD, 238 Edgware Road. PAD. 9280.

FRENCH by licenciée (Paris) private tuition, exams. literature, translations, conversation.—Russell Square. TERminus 4917.

POSTAL TUITION

A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who are 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 775 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH902, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

PRINTERS

FAVIL PRESS Work is described and illustrated in "Printing Made Clear." Gratis on request. Estimates willingly.
152 Church St., W.8 (Notting Hill Gate). BAY 2990.

PEAR TREE PRESS. Oldest private hand press. Designs fine editions, bookplates, wood engravings, bindings. Unique Intaglio plate method. Personal attention to all orders. FLANSHAM, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "What Do Unitarians Believe?" MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5*s.* a night or 30*s.* weekly; with dinner 6*s.* 6*d.* a night or 35*s.* to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic.: 7289.

BRITAIN'S best bacon and hottest hot water. Come to 34 Southwick Street, W.2. Tel.: PAD. 3237.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3*d.* post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WALDEN KNOWLE, Chinehurst 970. A country home. Lovely gardens. Central heating. Billiards, tennis. Golf and riding near. 20 minutes London Bridge. From 3 *gns.*, incl.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

TORQUAY, Howden Court. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-room if required, h. and c. in bedroom. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

ASHDOWN FOREST. Unique Guest House off main road. Lovely views, unspoilt country. Riding, walking, golf. Aga cooking; running water; modern beds. 4 *gns.* weekly; 3½ *gns.* monthly; 35*s.* week-ends. 42 miles London. Main line: one mile, trains met. Book now. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex.

ACHILL—West of Ireland. Private Hotel, amidst magnificent cliff and mountain scenery, fishing, bathing, home comforts. 45*s.* weekly, inclusive. Apply POSTMISTRESS, Dugort.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como. Glorious sea views, facing south, h. and c. and gas fires bedrooms, garage. Terms: 2 *gns.* weekly.

CORONATION VISITORS AND OTHERS! There is a delightful 16th cent. Guest House 31 miles from London. Charming garden, beautiful surroundings, modern conveniences. Teas. Handloom weaving. TANKARDS, WONERSH, nr. GUILDFORD, SURREY.

EDINBURGH Guest House, 45 Manor Place. Central. Good cuisine. Hay diet. From 7*s.* 6*d.* night, 63*s.* wk.

CORNISH RIVIERA, Green Bank Hotel, Fowey. Ideal position facing South. H. & C. and electric fires bedrooms. Moderate Tariff. Proprietor. 'Phone 63.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

WEST of Ireland, Achill Head Hotel, Achill Island, Co. Mayo. Fully licensed. Commands a perfect view of all island on the west coast, situated amidst magnificent scenery, Achill Head, Cathedral Cliffs, Keele Strand and Keem Bay. Hot and cold running water, bog water baths. Motor launch belonging to Hotel for cruising and deep sea fishing. Safe bathing. Terms moderate. Apply PROPRIETOR.

SEAFORD, Sussex. Views of sea and downs, h. & c. in bedrooms, separate tables, best English cooking, very comfortable. Sunshine House. 'Phone 533.

DAWLISH or NEWQUAY. Devon and Cornwall. Two delightful holiday centres. Extremely good value. Illus. brochure 25: BISHOP, "Fairfield," Dawlish.

NORTH WALES—For Ideal Holidays. Wonderful mountain, moorland, maritime scenery. Every facility for indoor and outdoor sports, pastimes and amusements. Rest and comfort. Send 3*d.* in stamps for Illustrated Guide, to Secretary, North Wales Holiday Resorts Association, Dept. 13, Bangor. Express trains by L.M.S., 1½d. a mile 1st class, 1*d.* a mile 3rd class.

THE OLD MILL RESTAURANT
West Harnham, SALISBURY.
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals
River bathing. Riding
Delightful Trips. Excellent Food
Terms from 3½ *gns.* per week.

N. IRELAND, facing Atlantic, romantic scenery, nr. Giant's Causeway. Geology, archaeology, fine strand and bathing. Reader would take one or two p. g's. 2 *gns.* Box 702, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

CORNWALL (near Tintagel). Board res. Own farm produce. Sea and moors. STEPHENS, Torview, Delabole.

Splendid Holiday Cruises to the Mediterranean, Atlantic Isles, North Africa, Norway Fjords, by fine 16,400 ton "Mont" liners sailing every Saturday May 29 to October 9. One class only.

May 29, s.s. MONTROSE from Liverpool and Dublin, visiting Gibraltar, Casablanca, Madeira and Lisbon. 13 days.

Minimum Rate £13.

Book early!

FIRST CRUISE
MAY 29

Also first class cruises by s.s. EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA —Norwegian Fjords, U.S.S.R., Turkey, Greece, Dalmatia, Egypt, etc., from Southampton July 10, July 31 and September 25.

For further particulars—Your Local Agent or

Canadian Pacific
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM
Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2
(*WHItehall 5100*), and 103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3, Liverpool, Southampton, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, Belfast & Dublin

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WEST HIGHLANDS. A small, quiet and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on Loch Linnhe. MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Fort William Inverness-shire.

WYE VALLEY. Craft Industry and Guest House. Students and Guests. Vegetarian diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

ENGLISH LAKES. Visit the unique Langdale Estate and enjoy holidays that are different. Accommodation of every type in beautiful grounds. An excellent centre for walking, touring and climbing. Comfort with simplicity and good food. Booklet LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside. 'Phone: Grasmere 82.

ISLAND off Irish West Coast. Magnificent scenery. Mild climate. Amethyst Hotel, Achill Island. Facing Atlantic Ocean and surrounded by mountains. Good food. Comfortable beds. Hot and cold water. Turf fires. Terms: £2 10*s.* to £3 weekly. Write MISS T. BLACKHAM, Keel, Achill, Ireland.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERMERE. Freest, driest, finest centre in Lake District. VICTORIA HOTEL. Tel.: Buttermere 2. Electricity, h. & c. Private Swiss balconies with best views.

WICKLOW MOUNTAINS, Ireland. London 10 hrs. Dublin 16 m. Charming cottage; unique situation, open moors, large gardens, own fruit and vegetables, excellent cooking. Terms: YOUNG, Carrigoona Cottage, Kilmacanogue, Co. Wicklow.

PERRANPORTH, Cornwall. Approaching holiday season. SULLY'S HOTEL. Write for Brochure. Also furnished bungalow.

LAKELAND. Delightful 18th cent. house, between Buttermere and Vale of Lorton; 9*s.* daily. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth.

CORNWALL. Superior farm-house. Board-residence. Near sea; modern conveniences; electric light. May and early June vacancies. NICHOLLS, Carneggan, Fowey. 'Phone: Polruan 47.

ASHDOWN FOREST, TYES, Nutley, Sussex. Country House in 6 acres; 600 ft. up; lovely views; modern comforts; attractive meals and service you will appreciate. From 3 *gns.* weekly. Nutley 85.

NORTH PEMBROKESHIRE COAST. Holiday cottage to let furnd, May to September. Particulars Box 709, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HARROGATE—HEALTH—HOLIDAYS. All ailments treated. 88 healing springs. Superb holiday centre; all sports, entertainments. Yorkshire Dales; wonderful air; moors. 1*d.* a mile by Rail. Guide, L. WILSHERE, Information Bureau, or L.N.E.R. Agencies.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

JOHN FOTHERGILL at The Three Swans, Market Harborough, half-way between London and Manchester, and the East and West coasts, offers comfort, charm and good or uncommon food at all hours.

MENDIPS, Anglo-French family take guests, 17th Cent. Farm, h. & c. w. bedrooms, electricity, books, comfort, good cooking, lovely district. From 45*s.* Whitsun 10*s.* 6*d.* p. d. WYNDHAMS', Shepton Mallet, Som. 'Phone 57.

CORNWALL. DOWNDERRY. THE WIDE SEA GUEST HOUSE. Enlarged, with sun veranda. Modern comforts. Charming garden leading to Beach. H. & C. throughout. Golf, tennis. Illustrated brochure from Proprietress, MISS W. M. ELIOTT. Tel.: Downderry 48.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, c. h. w., efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone 52. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

GUESTS received in a Country House. Lovely Downland village near Brighton. Glorious views, garage, tennis. Golf and swimming pool close by. Excellent food and cooking. Modern conveniences; constant H. & C. water. Open veranda for sun bathing; most beautiful walks. 2½ *gns.* inclusive. "Arden Grange," Albourne, Sussex.

SNOWDONIA AND LAKELAND. Beautifully situated guest houses, conducted excursions (optional). Evening entertainments. Hard tennis courts. Swimming pools. Terms moderate. Illustrated brochure. S. KERR, "Towers," Capel Curig, North Wales.

CORNWALL. Charming furnd. Caravan, overlooking St. Ives Bay, for 2. 25*s.* week. 36 King's Rd., Camborne.

BLACK BULL HOTEL, KILLEARN, STIRLINGSHIRE. On high ground overlooking Loch Lomond and mountains. Modern, comfortable, restful. Apply to Secretary for tariff.

GARTOCHARN HOTEL, GARTOCHARN, BY BALLOCH. Modern small hotel on Loch Lomondside. Ideal for restful holiday. For terms apply Secretary.

CORNWALL. Comfortable modern guest house in unspoiled Cornish village. By sea and river. Excellent cuisine. Golf, fishing, boating. Telephone 48. MISS GARLAND, "Wellside," Polruan-by-Fowey.

EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING. An ideal centre for three rivers, two lakes. Walter M. Gallichan, well-known angling writer, instructs beginners and advises visitors. Unspoiled country for nature lovers. Comfortable quarters. Kingsland, Llandrindod Wells, Radnor.

MAKE it Moscow this year. The holiday suggestion. Parties leaving London twice weekly. Tours from £19, inclusive. Write for details. F.S.U. Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

COLOGNE, best part. Charming house, 5 mins. Rhine. Only 35*s.* weekly. DOERING, Köln Marienburg, Leyboldstrasse 11.

WILDERSWIL, Interlaken, Switzerland. Park Hotel des Alpes, Pension. Finely situated close to woods and commanding many magnificent views of the Jungfrau, etc. Well-appointed and comfortable in every respect with all up-to-date amenities; annexe; garage; carefully supervised cuisine. Mod. terms. MMES. E. and M. LÜTHI.

MIEDERS, STUBAI VALLEY, TYROL, AUSTRIA. 3,200ft. up. 10 m. Innsbruck. Beautiful Alpine scenery. Fishing. Excellent cuisine. Terms 7*s.* to 8*s.* HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

NEUSTIFT, last village in Stubaital, Tirol; Innsbruck 30 km.; fine walking; starting-point for famous climbing-huts; low season pension, 9 *sch.* inclusive; high 9-12. Baedeker stars this House. AUMAYR, Hotel Hofer.

RIVIERA, HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 8*s.*

BOARD RESIDENCE

A BABY BREAKFAST? Not at 34 Southwick Street, W.2, where one gets Britain's best bacon.

SWISS COTTAGE. Educationists, students and professional people. PRI 6466. 30*s.*, partial board.

BOARD Residence for gentlemen; well-appointed house. Excellent food. 7 Maitland Park Villas, Hampstead. GUL 1746.

LITERARY

YOUR SURPLUS REVIEW COPIES AND ANY OTHER BOOKS BOUGHT FOR CASH. BEST PRICES PAID. ANNEXE BOOKSHOP, 51 ESSEX ROAD, N.1. (Clerk. 1807.)

SELL your books in the best market. Highest prices paid for review copies, etc. KIT'S BOOKSHOP, 64 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 'Phone: Temple Bar 6700.

WRITE FOR PROFIT. Send for free booklet REGENT INSTITUTE, 191a Palace Gate, W.8.

SONGS, Poems, wanted for broadcasting. Good royalties. EUROPEAN BROADCASTING SERVICES, 197 Victoria Street, London.

WANTED. Novels, short stories, articles, photographs. MSS. should be typed. The SKILLICORN LITERARY AGENCY, 5 College Terrace, Brighton, 7.